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Blessed Peter and the English Church and People.*

BY

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

I.—Purport of this Paper.

No Saint ever entered more deeply into the life of a nation than St. Peter into the life of our English forefathers from the sixth century onward. His singular prerogatives, his touching character, his watchful love for his children, were seen by our ancestors to be as so many living realities, which took their place in moulding and elevating the thoughts, the desires, the life of the nation.

No one can say that the devotion of our forefathers to St. Peter was the outcome of mediæval ignorance, or a parasitical overgrowth of latter times upon the English Church, which it was the business of the Reformation to destroy. On the contrary, it sprang up in the first fervour of the conversion of England, and was strongest and most conspicuous in the earliest, or what some would call the purest, period of the English Church.

Any one, then, who professes to be in harmony with the English Church during the first centuries of her existence, or who boasts, as all who belong to the Province of Westminster may do, that his religious life is not merely in direct continuity, but is *identical* with that of the ancient Church in England, must find himself personally bound up with St. Peter as with no other Saint, and must profess himself a loyal subject of St. Peter's See.

* A Paper read at the Catholic Conference, 1891.

My purpose is to call attention to the extraordinary devotion of the ancient English Church to St. Peter; and this, not to gratify a taste for antiquarian lore, but because this devotion furnishes a test of genuine continuity in doctrine, while it offers a standard of piety for all who, in the midst of an age of material progress, aspire after the faith and noble ideals of the olden time.

II.—Three Universal Saints.

Three persons stood to Christ in an exceptional position of nearness and love—Mary and Joseph, His parents; and Peter, whom He identified with Himself as the Rock and the Shepherd, in the constitution and government of His Church.

We, His brethren by adoption, and the members of His Church, have also contracted relationships with these three persons, which are both exclusive and unique in kind and character.

Our forefathers, as you know, gloried in being Mary's children, and called England "Our Lady's Dowry." But they understood full well that it was not to Mary, but to Peter, that the government of the Church was confided. They realized that while the Lord committed us to the tenderest love of His own sweet Mother, He reserved to Himself our teaching and guidance, when He chose out Peter from among all men to be, not His successor, but His Vicar, to teach and confirm us in His Name. *

III.—Solemnity of the Rite creating Peter's Supremacy.

Before entering upon the subject of the devotional relations which grew up between Blessed Peter and

* For England's devotion to the Blessed Virgin all should read Father Bridgett's incomparable book, *Our Lady's Dowry*. The right of England to this touching title may be traced back to the year 694, when King Withred, his nobles, bishops, abbots, and abbesses, in solemn assembly in Kent, formally declared all Church property in the kingdom to be from that day consecrated and given over to God, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Apostles.

England, let me by way of general introduction call attention to the wonderful ceremonial which our Lord was pleased to adopt in raising Peter to the high position of a fellowship with Himself in the supreme government of the Church. In vain will you look through the Old or New Testament for a parallel to the solemnity of the rite taken as a whole, whether you consider the number of steps and interstices by which it proceeded, or the significant fact that it covered the whole length of our Lord's public ministry.

Christ did not raise Peter to the great height of the Supremacy by a sudden or by a single act of His Divine authority. The creation of the Supremacy bore a due proportion to the creation of the Body over which Peter was to become the Ruler. The two creations went on, so to speak, *pari passu*, from the commencement of the Public Ministry to the eve of the Ascension.

Let us sketch an outline of the Divine ceremonial.

It began in the first days of the first year of the Public Ministry. Peter came into the presence of Christ, and "Jesus *looking upon* him said: Thou art Simon, the son of Jona: *thou shalt be called Cephas*, which is interpreted *Peter*." (St. John i. 42.) This is the whole, brief but pregnant, record of that first meeting. The act of "Jesus *looking* upon him," was sacramental, as when He afterwards "*breathed*" upon His Apostles. Here is the formal and public announcement of a promise that, at the proper time, Christ will change the name of this man, whom He had chosen to be the head of the New Dispensation, as at the beginning of the Old He had chosen Abram, and had changed his name to a name signifying the office he was to bear.

The year following, about the Feast of Pentecost, our Lord solemnly fulfilled the recorded promise. It was at Cæsarea Philippi, upon the occasion of the Apostle's confession of His Divinity: "And I say to thee that *thou art* Peter;" and then He went on, as with a sacred rite, to publish a further promise: "And upon this Rock I *will build* My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And *I will give to thee* the keys of the kingdom of heaven, &c." (St. Matt. xvi.)

Another interstice followed, and then our Lord, choosing the sacred moment which intervened between the Last Supper and the Passion, once more in the presence of the Apostles resumed the solemn rite whereby he was preparing for His own departure, by creating a Prince, a King, a Vicar to take His place. Turning to the body of the Apostles He said: "Satan hath desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat," and then, turning to Peter, He went on: "But I have prayed for *thee* that *thy faith* fail not, and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." (St. Luke xxii. 31, 32.)

And now there remained but the last act of the solemn rite which was to complete the creation of the Papal Supremacy. It was to take place after the Passion and Resurrection, almost on the eve of the Ascension. It was to take place near the spot where it had commenced, on the coast of the sea of Galilee.

The Lord had prepared for this final ceremony, by something of unwonted care to secure the presence of His Apostles and witnesses. They had been told repeatedly to meet Him in Galilee.

And now behold them assembled in Galilee. The Shepherd-King is about publicly to commit the care of His entire flock to that one man whom He had *looked upon* and chosen three years before in preparation for this solemn event.

The history of this last event stands out with exceptional prominence in the sacred text. St. John had written his Gospel to prove that Christ was God, and he completed the proof in twenty chapters, with the confession of his Master's Divinity by the Apostle Thomas: "My Lord and my God!" The task was done. He sums up his Gospel in two verses more, and it is over.—But no, he has yet another Gospel to write—the Gospel of Peter's Jurisdiction, the Gospel of the Papal Supremacy. He had proved that Christ was God; he must now show that he had left behind Him, not a successor, but a Vicar, a Representative, a Visible Head over the whole flock, over the whole Church which He had created in His Blood. Read this twenty-first chapter and examine it well. You will note:—

1. The similarity in order of procedure, of preparation and of charitable condescension to the minds of men, which marks the sixth chapter where the Lord treats of that other mystery, the Blessed Eucharist. The creation of the two Institutions, that of the Real Presence and that of the Supremacy, seemed to require a greater care, as they were to make a greater demand upon the mind and heart of man.

2. That the Divine Commission, the authority and jurisdiction given to Peter over the whole flock, is bound up with most tender appeals to love and devotedness. God founded the Church in love, Christ loved the Church as His own flesh. He had prayed before His Passion for its unity, and He now makes formal provision for that unity, until the end of time. He places the whole under one. To him He commits the care and the feeding of the sheep and the lambs. "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." Thus the great work was finally completed, completed in power and in love, completed amid the tears and perhaps broken-hearted sobs of Peter, completed in the sight of witnesses—Apostles and Disciples—in Galilee.

3. The remainder of the chapter is all personal to Peter.

IV.—Its Acceptance by the Church.

The Church at once recognised the Headship constituted by its Divine Founder. Without burdening this introduction with long quotations, let me cite three witnesses.

St. Cyprian, A.D. 284: "There is but one Church, founded by Christ *on Peter*." (*Ep.* 70.)

St. Ambrose, A.D. 385: "Where *Peter* is, there is the Church and eternal life." (in *Ps.* 40.)

St. Leo, A.D. 440: "Out of the whole world *Peter alone* is chosen, and is set over the vocation of all nations and over all the Apostles and all the Fathers of the Church. Peter in his own person rules all whom Christ rules as Head. A great and marvellous fellowship in its power has God conferred upon this man."*

* *Serm.* iv. cap. 2, in anni ejusd. Assumpt.

The Church has ever considered St. Peter as continuing through all time to preside over the entire Church. As St. Boniface wrote in the fifth century: "The Blessed Apostle Peter looks on you with his own eyes, nor can he who received charge of all fail to be near to all." Peter, then, is ever living in his see, and his voice is heard to-day through Leo, as yesterday through Pius, and the day before through Gregory, up the long pathway of the Christian era.

V.—Doctrine held by the Early English Church.

The faith received by the English people in the sixth and seventh centuries was identical with the Catholic and Roman faith that had been taught throughout the world.

Let our two earliest English writers, St. Aldhelm and St. Bede, briefly bear their authentic witness to the doctrine of the English Church before I enter on the main subject of this paper.

And first, St. Aldhelm winds up an address thus:

"To conclude all in one short sentence: foolishly and vainly does he boast of holding the Catholic faith, if he follow not the teaching (dogma) and the ruling of St. Peter. For the foundation of the Church and the solidity of the faith, reposing first on Christ then on Peter, cannot be shaken by the most violent storms and tempests; so the Apostle declares (1 Cor. iii. 2), *for other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus*. But in Peter, the truth irrevocably established the prerogative of the Church in these words: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church.' (St. Matt. xvi.)" *

The other early English witness to the supreme authority of Peter is Bede. Commenting on the sixteenth chapter of St. Matthew, which speaks of the power and authority of Blessed Peter, Bede premisses his re-

* Letter to Geraint, King of the Welsh or Britons of Devon and Cornwall by St. Aldhelm or Eadhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury 675-705; first Bishop of Sherborn, 705-709.

marks by warning his readers that what follows should be the more attentively considered and borne in more constant remembrance because it sets forth the great perfection of divine faith, and furnishes most important strength to overcome temptations against this great virtue.

"Wherefore," he writes, "Blessed Peter, who confessed Christ with true faith and followed Him with true love, received in a special way the keys of the kingdom of heaven and the *sovereignty* of judicial power in the Church; to the end that *all the faithful* throughout the world might know that, whosoever shall separate himself from *the unity of Peter's faith* and from *Peter's fellowship*, can neither obtain absolution from the bonds of sin, nor admission through the gates of the heavenly kingdom. Hence it is necessary to learn with great care the sacred *doctrines of the faith which Peter taught* and to show forth good works corresponding to that faith." *

VI.—English Devotion to Peter based on Doctrine.

It was not therefore upon mere sentiment or accident or personal attraction, but upon the solid basis of revealed Catholic doctrine, upon the undisputed fact that Christ had chosen Peter to be His Vicar and *alter ego*, that our forefathers built up the national devotion to St. Peter—a devotion for which they became conspicuous among the nations of Europe. To England belongs this honourable pre-eminence in the Church, that as she was most singularly devout to St. Peter during her religious prosperity, so did she prove herself in the time of adversity to be more fruitful than any other nation in the number and heroism of her martyrs for Peter's Supremacy. At the Reformation it was the authority of St. Peter that formed the main object of attack. The attack was met by a multitude of Englishmen and women of every rank and degree, who poured out their life's

* Bede's Works, Hom. 27. Giles' ed.

blood in defence of the Supremacy; and the cause of no less than 315 of these martyrs is now before the Holy See for canonization.

VII.—Proofs of the close connection between England and St. Peter.

1.—*Dedication of Churches to Blessed Peter.*

The first great Abbatial Church of Canterbury was dedicated to St. Peter. To him are dedicated England's two most famous Minsters, Westminster, where the Sovereigns of England are crowned, and the Metropolian Church of York. For a considerable period all the churches in Northumbria were dedicated to St. Peter. After a time England became, as it were, girdled by stately fanes bearing Peter's name. Begin with Bamborough in the North, and travel round England, and you pass great cathedrals, noble abbatial or conventual churches reared to St. Peter's honour, in Lindisfarne, Wearmouth, Whitby, Ripon, and York; in Bardney, Peterborough, and Ely; then come Westminster, Canterbury, Selsey and Chichester, Winchester, Exeter, Bath, Coventry, Worcester, Gloucester and Llandaff. No less than 13 Cathedrals and Abbatial churches, dedicated to St. Peter, sent Lords to Parliament.

Nineteen of our old English Collegiate Churches and 61 Abbatial and Conventual Establishments were dedicated in honour of St. Peter.

Sometimes it seemed impossible to satisfy devotion by dedicating one church in a town to St. Peter, but several must bear his name. Thus we have *seven* Peter churches in the city of Lincoln alone; St. Peter at Arches; St. Peter Eastgate; St. Peter at Gowts; St. Peter by the Pump; St. Peter Fishmarket; St. Peter beyond the Bar; St. Peter Broadgate.

By the sixteenth century the number of St. Peter's churches very considerably exceeded a thousand. We know of 1,105 that were dedicated to him; the number may have been much larger, for there are many chapels,

over 30 for instance in Lancashire, whose dedications have been lost.

Of course, some of the churches dedicated to St. Peter were also dedicated to his companion St. Paul or to some local saint, such as to St. Hilda, who for local reasons outshone him at Whitby, as St. Ethelreda did at Ely, St. Aldhelm at Malmesbury, St. Swithin at Winchester.

2.—*Grants and Bequests to Blessed Peter.*

Deeds of gift and bequests used frequently to recite that the lands or property were devised "to St. Peter."

Thus Æthelbert King of Kent, grants "to God in honour of St. Peter a certain portion of land in my own right," &c.

King Æthelred's reputed Charter of Peterborough in 680 reads thus: "These lands will I give *to St. Peter* as freely as I possess them myself." Peterborough was for many centuries the most famous shrine of St. Peter in England. Bulls were issued by the Holy See granting to it particular honour and privileges, so that Peterborough was called "a second Rome:"

> "Hither I will that we seek St. Peter,
> We that to Rome cannot go."

Extracts of this kind might be given indefinitely; but these are sufficiently illustrative for the present purpose.

3.—*Pilgrimages to St. Peter's Shrine.*

Another evidence of the faith and devotion of the English people to St. Peter is to be found in their continual pilgrimages to the tomb of this Apostle and to the sacred person of his successor in Rome.

Bede and the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* furnish us with the earliest records of this devotion, which has never died out among us.

Bede tells us that Oswy, King of Northumbria,—after he had settled at Whitby in 664 the disciplinary differences which divided the Scots and the English by an

appeal to the authority of St. Peter,—"bore so great an affection for the Roman and Apostolic See that he determined, in the 58th year of his age, to go to Rome and there to end his days, close to the Holy Places." *

In the year 688 Ceadwalla, King of Wessex, received the faith from St. Wilfrid ; but such was his devotion to the Prince of the Apostles that he determined to receive baptism, not from his friend Wilfrid, but from the hand of the successor of St. Peter. He journeyed to Rome for that purpose, and was baptized by the Pope with the name of Peter.

But the most remarkable for its splendour of all royal pilgrimages to Rome, recorded by the ancient chroniclers, was that undertaken, in 1030, by the famous warrior and conqueror, King Cnut or Canute. It attracted the attention of the whole of Europe. It was undertaken entirely out of devotion to St. Peter, and in belief in the power of that Apostle, as will appear from the following passage of the royal letter, which Canute sent to England during the year he spent at the shrine of the Apostles :—

"Canute, King of Denmark, England, and Norway, and of part of Sweden, to Egelnoth the Metropolitan, to Archbishop Ælfric, to all the Bishops and Chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both Nobles and Commoners, greeting : I write to inform you that I have lately been in Rome to pray for the remission of my sins, and for the safety of my kingdom, and for the nations that are subject to my sceptre. It is long since I bound myself by vow to make this pilgrimage ; but I had hitherto been prevented by affairs of State and other impediments. Now, however, I return humble thanks to the Almighty God that He has allowed me to visit the tombs of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, and to honour and venerate them in person. And *this I have done because I have learned from my teachers that the Apostle St. Peter received from the Lord the great power of binding and loosing*, with the keys of the kingdom of heaven. *On this account I thought it highly useful to solicit his patronage with God*," &c.

* *Bede's Hist.*, b. iv. c. 5.

The history of St. Edward the Confessor's vow is well known. It was to make pilgrimage, as he himself writes, "to the tombs of the glorious Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and there return thanks for the mercies I have received, and implore God to grant perpetual peace and prosperity to me and to my successors. . . ."

If during this important period of the making of England the royal houses were seen in pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostle on some fourteen or fifteen different occasions, it may be said of the bishops, clergy, and people that they were continually crossing the Alps, to and fro, between England and Rome. . . .

4.—*The Angle-School in Rome.*

Another proof that England was in religion essentially *Roman* Catholic, from the earliest period, may be seen in the foundation of the Angle-school, or the school of the Anglo-Saxons in Rome.

Matthew Paris, in his *Chronicles*, points out a distinct object, apart from hospitality to pilgrims, for which provision was made. He says: "The Anglo-Saxon school was founded in Rome in order that the Kings of England and their race, as well as the English Bishops and priests and students might resort there to be instructed in the doctrines of the Catholic faith, least anything faulty or contrary to the Catholic faith might grow up in the English Church, so that confirmed and strengthened in a lasting faith they might return to their own country." How curiously illustrative this is of the dependence of the old English Church for the purity of the faith upon the See of Peter! The English College in Rome of to-day is heir to the spirit and intention which established and animated the Anglo-Saxon school in the Borgo a thousand years ago.

5.—*Statute Law on Peter-pence.*

But perhaps nothing shows more strikingly the national faith and love for Blessed Peter than the

institution, of purely English origin, called at different times, smoke-penny, hearth-penny, fire-penny, Romfeoh, Romescot, or Peter-penny. It grew from a seed sown by Ina or Offa, until it spread over the whole land. In the sixteenth century it was spoken of as a venerable national institution, that had been in existence for eight hundred years.

The payment of Peter-pence soon became part of the Statute law of England. It was the subject of legislation by Eadward and Guthrum (about 900), by Eadgar (about 959), by Æthelred (about 998), by Cnut 1017, by St. Edward the Confessor 1043, and it formed part of the laws of the Conqueror and of Henry I.

"Every one who has a house with chattels worth 30 pence, shall give the penny of St. Peter. He shall be summoned to pay on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and the money shall be paid by the Feast of St. Peter's Chains. If he withhold it, the claim shall be brought before the King's Judge, and the King's Judge shall compel him to pay the penny and forfeiture to the King and to the Bishop. If a man have many houses he shall pay the penny for the house he is living in at the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul."—(*Laws of King Edward the Confessor.* Thorpe i., 446.)

The amount of Peter-pence sent annually to Rome was, after a time, compounded with the Holy See for an annual sum of £200 or 300 marks, which at one period had the purchasing value of from £8,000 to £9,000 of our present money. Peter-pence continued to be levied annually by law (with the exception of a brief period towards the close of the reign of Edward III.) till the Henrician Schism. A Papal collector lived in England and received the amount from the various dioceses and forwarded it, along with other Apostolic dues, to Rome. And it is interesting to hear Pope Paul III, in an allocution delivered in public consistory in 1555, stating that he had himself been for three years collector of Peter-pence in England, and that he had been much struck and edified by seeing the forwardness of the people to contribute, especially those of the poorer and working classes.

The worldly-minded may pretend not to see a national movement in the dedication of Churches to St. Peter and in pilgrimages to Rome. But they cannot deny that a tax such as Peter-pence, imposed by statute and maintained by an English Parliament during the long course of centuries, is a distinct and unequivocal national demonstration of a national homage to Blessed Peter and to the Apostolic See. What English Parliament ever imposed taxes unless urged by an adequate sense of duty or necessity? Could a national tax have been levied for centuries in England but in obedience to a national sense of duty?

6.—*St. Peter and the Gilds.*

The presence of Peter may be discerned in numberless phases of English history. When the gilds sprang up for the protection of the weak and the promotion of our industrial liberties, there was Blessed Peter in their midst. The first gild of which we have minute records was St. Peter's Gild, founded at Abbotsbury. By its statutes the members protected the helpless against the strong, avenged injuries offered to the innocent, nursed the sick, buried the dead, and prayed for the repose of their souls. On the eve of St. Peter's Feast, alms were doled out to the needy, and on the Feast itself there was a great religious function, with High Mass, in the Church, followed in the afternoon by popular amusements and good cheer. The following is taken from Orky's foundation-Charter of the Abbotsbury Gild:—

"Here is made known, in this writing, that Orky has given the Gildhall and the Stead at Abbotsbury to the praise of God *and St. Peter*, and for the Gildship to possess now and henceforth, of him and his consort in long remembrance. Whoso shall avert this, let him account with God at the great doom. Now these are the covenants which Orky and the gild-brothers at Abbotsbury have chosen, to the praise of God, and honour of *St. Peter*, and for their soul's need."

And it concludes with this exhortation:—"Let us pray fervently to God Almighty, with inward heart,

that He have mercy on us; and also to His holy Apostle *St. Peter*, that he intercede for us and make clear our way to everlasting rest; because *for love of him* we have gathered this Gild. He has the power in heaven that he may let into heaven whom he will, and refuse whom he will not; as Christ Himself said to him in this Gospel: 'Peter, I deliver to thee the key of heaven's Kingdom, and whatsoever thou wilt have bound on earth, that shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou wilt have unbound on earth, that shall be unbound in heaven.' Let us have trust and hope in him, that he will soon have care of us here in the world, and after our departure hence, be a help to our souls. May he bring us to everlasting rest. Amen."*

7.—*English Devotions and Prayers to St. Peter.*

Not only in the churches dedicated to St. Peter, but in all others, the Feasts of St. Peter were celebrated with great joy and solemnity in England. His principal feast was a day of rest, a holiday of obligation, and the annual collection of Peter-pence, which began on that day, used to be completed by the Feast of St. Peter's Chains.

The city of Exeter was the scene of great festivity every year in honour of St. Peter. The records of the Cathedral still bear witness, by details of the expenses incurred, to the splendid cavalcade procession which used to sally forth on the eve of his annual festival. Over two hundred of the clergy and their attendants, mounted on horseback, bearing shields with the keys of St. Peter emblazoned on them, and the sword of St. Paul, used to march round the city; and in the evening the great "Peter-tide bonfire" used to light up the dusk and blaze away, till it ushered in the coming day.

The relics of St. Peter, which were brought over from Rome to many of the greater churches, were treated with the greatest devotion, lights burned before them,

* Thorpe's Diplomatarium, as above, pp. 605-8. Also Kemble's *Saxons in England*, vol. I., p. 511.

and they were carried in procession. Many of the old extant records describe them, and the nature and value of the costly reliquaries in which they were enshrined.

Golden crosses and keys from the shrine of St. Peter, or containing particles of filings from the Jerusalem or Mamertine chains, which are still preserved in Rome, were sent over to England by different Pontiffs.

There was a great devotion to St. Peter's high Altar in the York Minster. It was here that William I. of Scotland did homage to Henry II. when, in token of subjection, he deposited on the Altar of St. Peter his breast-plate, spear and saddle, in 1171. By an immemorial tradition, all the faithful of the diocese of York were obliged to visit St. Peter's altar annually, and to deposit thereon the sum of one penny; and the tradition used to be enforced from time to time in documents which have come down to our time.

St. Peter's image in York, which was most richly and expensively gilt and decorated, as can be seen by the bills which are extant, was a famous object of devotion. By a Statute of the Minster, it was decreed that a wax candle be kept burning before St. Peter's image during the whole of the Octave of his Feast. The burning of candles before statues of St. Peter was a very common practice of devotion, in different parts of England.

The image of St. Peter used sometimes to be dressed with the insignia of the Popes. At Peterborough there was a statue of St. Peter robed as the Pope, wearing a mitre and holding the keys.

Some of the images of St. Peter were of great value, The archives of the old parish church of Manchester tell us that among its treasures was a silver statue of St. Peter, weighing nearly three pounds, to which the people were very devout, and that it was carried away to Louvain when the Royal Supremacy was set up instead of the Papal. And Piazza, whom I have already quoted, mentions that a life-size silver statue of St. Peter was presented by one of the English sovereigns to the Vatican Basilica.

Indeed our forefathers, who visited Rome from the seventh century downwards, must all have venerated

the great bronze seated statue of St. Peter, made by order of Leo the Great, and now kept in St. Peter's. It had been an object of devotion to the Christian world long before St. Augustine had set foot in England. It is the same statue which every Catholic pilgrim to Rome venerates and kisses, down to the present day.

Prayers, of course, indicate the tone and temper of devotion to a Saint. Here is a prayer composed in Latin metre by Alcuin (725-804) for the dedication of St. Peter's Church.

"May Peter, Prince of the Apostles and faithful shepherd, glory of the flock above as of the Church below, key-bearer for all time of the Eternal Kingdom, able by voice alone to loose and to bind, in whose sacred honour this church is dedicated—may he, the shepherd, protect and guide his flock, and may he vouchsafe, we pray, in his perpetual office, to open the gates of heaven unto his sheep."

I might add much more by way of illustrating the devotion of our English forefathers to St. Peter; but I must defer this to another occasion, so as not to exceed the limits allowed in this publication.

8.—*Apparitions and Miracles of St. Peter in England.*

I have not been able to make anything approaching a complete collection of the apparitions and miracles of St. Peter in England, as recorded by different writers and chroniclers. It will suffice for the present purpose to say that they were of not unfrequent occurrence, and to give a few instances which may be added to on another occasion. I am not here concerned with the truth of each reputed vision or miracle, my object is to show what was the state of mind, the belief of Catholics, in those days as to the power, the goodness, and the love of St. Peter towards his English children. As to the occurrence of miracles, Catholics have never for a moment doubted; the only question can be as to the authenticity of this or that particular instance and the weight of the evidence that can be alleged in support of it.

Bede tells us that Blessed Peter appeared to Lawrence, second Archbishop of Canterbury, when his heart failed him and he had determined to fly the country upon the relapse of the Kentish kingdom into idolatry, after the death of King St. Ethelbert. The night before his intended departure the Apostle appeared to him in the church at Canterbury, and "having scourged him with Apostolic severity," upbraided him with his want of generosity, saying, "You have forgotten my example who underwent all manner of suffering for the sake of the little ones confided to me by Christ, &c." Lawrence determined to remain at his post, and next day, having gone to King Eadbald and shown him his bleeding shoulders, he pleaded effectually with the Pagan, and the work begun by St. Augustine was persevered in.

The appearances of St. Peter on the Thames, between Lambeth and Westmister, his having been said to have silently consecrated the Abbey of Westminster during the night, his apparition to and conversation with St. Edward the Confessor, are well-known traditions and need no remark. Other instances must be omitted.

All the above mentioned things, taken together, might well encourage the belief that Blessed Peter had a special love for the English people, and that the English people were justified in their devotion.

9.—*St. Peter in Profane and Common Life.*

Profane customs and the popular love of a name often testify to popular devotions. And so the name of Peter became of common use as an expletive or as a mild form of swearing. *By St. Peter of Rome* was not an uncommon oath, and the name of *Peter!* in the same sense was constantly made use of. This may be seen in Langland and Chaucer, the great witnesses in their time to the life and morals of the people who put the name of "Peter" into the mouth of both priest and layman.

> "'*Peter!*' quod a plowman and put forth his hed,
> 'I knowe him as kyndely as clerke doth his bokes.'"
> (*Piers the Plowman, Passus,* v. 544.)

"Quoth Perkin the plouman, '*bi seynt Peter of Rome*,
I have an half acre to eyre' . . . .—(*Passus* vi. 3.)
'*Peter!*' quod the prest, 'tho' I can no pardon fynde,'
(*Passus* vii. 112.)
"'What!' quod the prest to Perkin, '*Peter!* as me thinketh.
Thow art lettred a litel.'"—(130.)
"'*Peter!*' quod he, 'God yeve it harde grace.'"
(*Canterbury Tales, Group G.* 665.)
"'*Peter!* lyke the beating of the see,'
Quod I, 'against the roches below.'"—(*House of Fame* ii. 526.)

But it is interesting to note how the thought of St. Peter penetrated every day life and how many common things became associated with his name and as it were consecrated to him.

Thus a series of notes on Holy Wells have been appearing of late in *The Antiquary*, and among them there are several dedicated to St. Peter, for instance in Derby, Doncaster, Barnby in the Marsh, Yorks, Leeds, and Shrewsbury.* "Peterspool," is a chalybeate spring in Lincolnshire,† which like other springs seems to derive its name from Peter's healing and strength-giving power.

St. Peter is also connected with our popular plant names: Samphire is a corruption of *St. Pierre*, christened after St. Peter either on account of St. Peter's early calling or because of its growing upon rocks by the sea. Then we have *St. Peter's wort* or *Herb Peter*, a name which formerly was popularly given to the cowslip, because of the likeness of its clustering flowers to a bunch of keys. From a similar likeness the fruit of the Ash was called *Peter-Keys*. The Great Mullein was *Peter's* Staff; and a species of *Hypericum* (*H. tetrapterum*) flowering about St. Peter's Day, was called St. Peter's wort, pro-

* See *The Antiquary*, xx. 98: xx. 40 and 253, xxiv. 27.

† *Quarterly Review*, July 1891, p. 113.

bably to distinguish it from the St. John's wort (*H. perforatum*).*

"Peter corn" was the annual levy of corn, throughout the diocese of York, ordered by king Atherstone, to be distributed among the poor, in thanksgiving *to God and St. Peter*, for his victory over the Scots at Dunbar.

In the animal kingdom we have the haddock called from its marks, like those made by fingers, St. Peter's fish; and the Petrel, a sea bird, deriving its name from the Apostle on account of its appearing to walk on the sea.

"The Cross Keys" is a well-known signboard, evidently taken from St. Peter's keys, and "St. Peter's Finger" is another, but of less certain signification.

"Peter-tide bonfires" were common on St. Peter's eve, especially in West Cornwall and on Mount's Bay, a traditional practice surviving, I believe, to the present day. A "Peter-man" is a familiar term on the Thames to this day for a boat man, and a "Peter-boat" is the name given to a build of boat which is sharp or pointed at each end. "Peter-men" on land were members of a gild who prayed for the founders and benefactors of a Peter Church, such as existed at Gloucester.

Even the children of our forefathers used to be brought up with a salutary respect for St. Peter's authority, for "to go through St. Peter's needle" was an expression signifying due subjection to discipline or authority, "I'll put you through St. Peter's needle."

VIII.—St. Peter, the ancient Patron of England.

Have I not already brought forward abundant evidence to prove that an extraordinary national devotion existed to St. Peter, and that immense confidence was felt in his patronage? Popular desires and aspirations are constantly made known by the captains of the people.

Take as witnesses, King Offa ascribing his victories to his *Patron, St. Peter;* Ceadwalla changing his name for that of his *Patron, St. Peter;* the Royal Charter

* See Britten and Holland's *Dictionary of English Plant-names.*

of the foundation of the great Church and monastery of Exeter speaking of St. Peter as the Patron of the King, "quem rex sibi *in Patronum* elegerat," King Edgar quite naturally describing *St. Peter* in one of his Charters as "our special Patron and Protector."

King Canute is quoted by de Macedo,* I know not on what authority, as speaking of St. Peter as "*the Patron and Protector of the English.*"

St. Aelred, in his Life of Edward the Confessor, says that while in exile in Normandy, the future King of England prayed thus: "Thou wilt always be to me, O Lord, a God, and *Blessed Peter*, the Apostle, will be *my Patron*," &c. And later, in one of the Charters of Westminster Abbey, the King describes St. Peter as "*our special Patron.*"

One of the greatest and most imposing national religious ceremonies is that of the coronation of the Sovereign. In the Anglo-Saxon rite, used down to the time of Henry I., who ordered it to be shortened, there was a special invocation of the Patrons and Protectors of England, and among these was of course *St. Peter.* This may be seen in the Leofric Missal.†

And now if we turn from the Sovereigns to the Roman Pontiffs, we find them bearing the same kind of testimony.

Boniface IV., writing in the beginning of the seventh century to an English king says: "I have sent you the blessing of *your Patron, the Blessed Peter*, Prince of the Apostles." Nicholas II., in an Apostolic Letter to the king of England, uses these remarkable words: "May Blessed Peter ever be your guardian and helper in all trials. For it is clear that the kings of England have flourished with glory and honour on account of the reverence and devotion which they paid to Blessed Peter, and that they have obtained great victories under his patronage."

And Alexander II., writing to William the Conqueror, reminds him that "from the time of the spread of the

* Macedo's *Divi titulares Orbis Christiani*, p. 457.

† See also the Cottonian MS. Claudius, A. III.

Christian religion in England, the kingdom of the English has always been under the care and guardianship of the Prince of the Apostles."

Pope Innocent III., addressing King Stephen, incidentally bears witness to the close relationship ever subsisting between England and St. Peter. "Knowing," he says, "that you vowed obedience and reverence *to St. Peter*, on the day of your consecration. We receive you with fatherly affection as a *favoured Son of St. Peter and the Holy Roman Church*."

The historic English evidence exhibiting the special devotion of England to St. Peter and his Roman See may be summed up by two separate testimonies, borne independently by the State and by the Church.

We may take the State as represented by Edward the Confessor. This King, in a formal document, declares that down to this time, "*The English people had ever borne a supreme devotion towards St. Peter and his Vicar*" (summam devotionem quam habuit semper gens Anglorum erga eum [Petrum] et Vicarios ejus).*

The English Church was fully represented by the Primate, Bishops and Clergy of England assembled in the Synod of Westminster in 1246. In this Synod it was declared that, "*the English nation has always been specially devoted to the Holy Roman Church*," and, a little further on, that "*the English Church*, which was renowned for many glories, *has always been a special member of the Holy Church of Rome*."

The historical evidence, which can be gathered from foreign authorities as to the devotion of England for the great Apostle St. Peter, is quite as remarkable; and it has the further advantage of being free from any suspicion of partiality or of vain-glorious boasting. Baronius, Piazza, Macedo, Alford and Mesmana might all be quoted at considerable length: but it is necessary to be brief.

Baronius says that the English Kings used to be crowned as the eldest sons of the Church, "tanquam primogeniti ecclesiæ filii;" such was their devotion to

* H. Wilkins's *Concilia*, vol. I., p. 319.

St. Peter and his successors. Alford tells us that "the English people dedicated to St. Peter, after Christ, altars, Churches and towns, and that *their kings placed the whole island under St. Peter.*"

Piazza, in his *Efemeride Vaticane*, published some two centuries ago, declares that "the English were *more devout than any other nation* to the glorious Apostles Peter and Paul, so that they consequently used to experience their help and protection in all their necessities."

From all that has been said, one would be naturally led to suppose that St. Peter must have been the Patron Saint of England before the Reformation. But have we any warrant for asserting that he was in fact the Patron of England, in any sense,—for instance, as St. George was? Few people would say that we have, so completely has the tradition died out. It was only the other day that, in turning over the pages of the *Archæologia*, I came upon a buried reminiscence, which set forth the fact that the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Peter had always been considered the Patrons of England, while St. George had been held to be her Military Protector.

But more important and more authoritative than the *Archæologia* is the testimony of Antonio de Macedo, a learned Jesuit writer, in the folio volume which he published on the Patron Saints of the different countries in Christendom.*

In the part wherein he treats of England, he says that "England had especially three Patron Saints while it professed the true and pure faith, namely, the most Blessed Virgin Mary, *St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles*, and St. George the Martyr," p. 451. The Blessed Virgin, he says, became the Patron of England from the very earliest time, and "England was formerly known and spoken of most deservedly (*jure optimo*) as the Dowry of the Virgin Mary." St. George, on the other hand, he points out, was considered only as the military Patron or Protector of England. The national

* Divi titulares Orbis Christiani: opus singulare, in quo de Sanctis Regnorum, Provinciarum, Urbium maximorum Patronis agitur. Lisbon. 1687.

devotion to this Saint commenced not earlier than during the reign of Edward III., whereas devotion to St. Peter, as the Patron of England, took its rise with the first establishment of the Church in this country. "*St. Peter*," —these are Macedo's words—"holds a primary place amongst the Patrons of the English."—"Primarium inter Patronos Anglorum locum tenet Sanctus Petrus, Apostolorum princeps."

But how is it possible that, if St. Peter was the Patron of England, the record of the fact should have fallen so completely out of mind? Macedo himself supplies the answer. He points out that the Reformers did their best to blot out of the memory of the people all thought and recollection of their Patron Saints. They set themselves to destroy veneration and love for the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter,—the one "the destroyer of all heresies," and the other the touchstone of the faith. As to St. George, they passed a law declaring that his Order should no longer be called by his name, but should be known simply as the Order of the Garter and that its Feast should no longer be kept on the 23rd of April, but on Whitsunday. So well did they succeed in wiping out all memory of our great Patron Saints, that Fr. Bridgett's discovery a few years ago, that England had been extraordinarily devout to Mary and had been known as "Our Lady's Dowry," came upon the public with the force of a surprise and as an historical revelation. It is the same with St. Peter. So thoroughly had the reformers done their work, that the thought of Mary and Peter, as the great Patrons of England, though they had been recognised by Church and State as "universæ Anglorum genti Patroni," entirely passed away and was hidden for three centuries, from the recollection of men. Surely the present discovery is a happy one, and not without significance? It has been a long, tempestuous, dark night; but when at last the clouds break and the moon and the polar star both stand out again clear in the sky, a new hope of salvation springs up in the heart of the wayfarer.

Some will at once ask, Can nothing be done to restore

to England, by some formal act, the Patrons that have been so long forgotten? The matter rests almost entirely in the hands of the Catholic public. If it be the mind of the people and their priests to petition the Bishops for a declaration that Mary and Peter are still the Patrons of England, the Bishops no doubt will forward their petition to Rome. The result could hardly be doubtful. Peter would then probably declare, through his See, that the Mother and the Vicar of Christ are still the Patrons of England, and to be regarded as such by all Catholics.*

IX.—Some Results of Peter's Influence.

1.—*English Liberties.*

I began this paper by affirming that no man ever impressed himself more deeply upon the life and character of a nation than Blessed Peter upon the English people. In one respect this is not surprising. For, given a race of sincere, strong, and religious character—a race whose intellect had not been perverted by pride, whose will had not been debauched by luxury, one might legitimately expect that, on such a race, the man chosen out by God Himself to be the guide and teacher of mankind would exercise a marked and lasting influence. Now if this English race was enthusiastically devoted to Peter and his See, it is because England was enthusiastically and essentially Christian. "A thousand years ago," writes Mr. Thomas Hughes, in his *Life of Alfred the Great* (p. 27), "England was not only in name a Christian nation, but a living faith in Christ was

* [On June 29, 1893, in obedience to the earnest wish and exhortation of Pope Leo XIII., England and Wales were solemnly dedicated and consecrated, by the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and to St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles; and the Archbishop and Bishops decreed that this dedication and consecration should be renewed annually in every public church,—to our Blessed Lady on Rosary Sunday, and to St. Peter on the Sunday within the octave of June 29.]

practically the deepest and strongest force in the national life."

This devotion and obedience of the English people and of their Sovereigns to Blessed Peter fostered and secured to the nation not only her religious unity, but those liberties, which we prize so highly. No Metropolitan or Primate, no mere local clergy, abandoned to themselves and to their surrounding influences, could ever have accomplished in England the work which was achieved under the guidance of St. Peter alone. Attempts at Cæsarism and State tyranny were overmatched by Peter. The religious strength and unity imparted to the nation, as it cleaved to Peter, brought liberty to all, and peace and plenty to the door of the poor. A clear demarcation was hacked out by Peter between the domains of the spiritual and the civil Powers. The authority of the Sovereign was asserted: the freedom of the subject secured, while full play was afforded to noble ideals of life, and to splendid aspirations after Christian perfection. Lecky and Hallam both recognize that our national liberties and our noblest characteristics were all derived from the days when Blessed Peter's influence was moulding the life of the English people. Our actual liberties are due, says Mr. Hallam, "to the old Saxon principles, that survived the Conquest of William and infused themselves into our common law." And it is well known that in England, up to the very eve of the Reformation, the See of Peter was constantly described and appealed to by English men as being "the refuge of the oppressed."

In those days, says Montalembert when England was ruled by "emissaries of Rome," they not only made her "a nation of Christians more fervent than any other contemporary nation," but formed "the boldness and independence of their character." "Self-government, that is to say, the proud independence of the freeman among his fellows in the general commonwealth," and "the essential elements of Parliamentary Government" grew up during the period in which love and devotion to Blessed Peter were paramount among the English people.

Free Education.

Look carefully into English history and you will smile to find how frequently Blessed Peter and his See have anticipated in a Christian sense our modern movements. To-day the freeing of the schools is heralded as a modern doctrine proving the progress of the times. It may be convenient for some people to forget that many of their measures in behalf of the industrial classes were long since anticipated by Blessed Peter. It was by the action of the Holy See that the Catholic Church offered free education centuries ago through the length and breadth of England—and this without taxing the population. And it was only after the Royal Supremacy had been substituted for the Papal, and the teachers banished, their goods confiscated, and their books thrown into the flames, that a money price was set upon knowledge, and the children of the people were compelled either to pay for learning or to grow up in ignorance. The See of Peter has ever, in Rome, in England, and elsewhere, promoted free education. If the Catholics of England have not been forward in the present movement, it is not because they believe that *free Christian education* weakens parental authority (an argument exploded by the Church long before the birth of Protestantism), but because they have been duly warned by an aggressive political party that the ultimate end in view is the forfeiture by the people to the State of their parental right and duty to determine the Christian education of their children. "Local control" of Christian education by the majority of a creedless population is a distinct form of popular Cæsarism. And Cæsarism means the loss of at least some of those personal and parental liberties which Peter has always defended, and is defending this day by the voice of Leo.

X.—Blessed Peter's Present Relation to the English People.

Having briefly passed in review the devotion of our forefathers to St. Peter and some of the fruits of this devotion, I conclude this paper by asking:

1. What is the relation of Blessed Peter to the English people at the present day? And,

2. How can we Catholics of England best justify and hand down the old national boast that "the English people has ever had a *supreme devotion* towards St. Peter," and that "the English Church has always been a *special member* of the Holy Church of Rome?"

To the first I reply that, we may be certain that Blessed Peter bears to the English people the compassionate tenderness proper to one who had himself been led to deny His Master. He knows that the English people were unwittingly drawn away from their allegiance by the profligate Herods and the Pilates of that day. They sinned by weakness. We may be sure, therefore, that he bears them mercifully in mind, while through his See he labours for their return to the faith.

As to his authority, it remains intact over every baptized soul. For whoever is rightly baptized, no matter where or by whom, is baptized into the Church of Peter, the one Church of Christ. Though a soul may be induced to renounce allegiance after baptism, the solicitude of that good shepherd for his wandering sheep is not thereby quenched, his paternal right over his prodigal son is never parted with.

Who can count the multitude in England to-day, who are subject to the jurisdiction of Peter, though they know it not? Peter prays and toils for their conversion. The eyes of many have been opened as were the eyes of Peter after his fall. Thousands upon thousands of sincere and candid souls have come trooping back to Peter's fold.

Look at that ever growing crowd that has for years been throwing off one by one, the heresies and errors of the Reformation. There is now scarcely a Catholic

doctrine which they do not hold, however imperfectly, scarcely one for which they would not suffer. Still, while out of communion with Peter and rebellious against the authority of Christ's Vicar, they are, like the Donatists, out of the Church, out of the ark of salvation. But think not unkindly of these men; think tenderly, lovingly of them. They teach us many a lesson.

Consider the Bishop of Lincoln and his followers. Here is a man of singularly blameless life, devoted to God and loving souls according to his light; using his persuasive and attractive gifts in behalf of religion. Despite, the prejudice of education, and the Thirty-nine Articles, which hang about him like broken chains, by the study of history he has mastered many of the doctrines of the Church. See him now rejecting the Royal Supremacy as a usurpation, and declining even to appear before its tribunal, ready to suffer all things rather than sacrifice the liberty and independence of that which, for the present, he accounts the Church of God.

Yes, these men have looked into the history of the English Church to good account; but their inquiry is not yet complete.

They have renounced the Protestant Reformation; to call them Protestants is to insult them. They claim continuity with the old Church of St. Augustine, St. Edward, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas of Canterbury. God grant that they may continue their studies. There is one devotion, one fundamental doctrine against which they still rebel, no doubt unknowingly. It is not a modern doctrine, but one that runs like a string through every generation and century up to the time of St. Augustine,—one that preserved unity, peace, and harmony, and imparted invincible strength and certainty to the humblest as to the noblest in the land. Need I say that it is devotion to Blessed Peter and belief in his supremacy?

O that he who claims to fill the see of St. Hugh of Lincoln, and of Bishop Grossetête, would seriously ask himself, by what spirit it was that in olden times the diocese of Lincoln, reared two hundred and seventy-one churches to St. Peter; and that, while the purest

and fairest of cathedrals sat as a crown of beauty upon the head of Lincoln, seven churches consecrated to St. Peter enwrapped the whole city as in a mantle of veneration and love for the Prince of Apostles.

O that they who, in the midst of trial and opposition, have abandoned so much of the Protestant tradition, would open their eyes and see that, after all, Peter is the keystone of the arch, and that "*Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia et vita æterna.*"

For ourselves, we should ever remember that Faith is a supernatural gift of God. Though the *intellectus cogitabundus est principium omnis boni*, humble persevering prayer is the heavenly ladder whereby men must ascend to bring down the gifts of faith. Our mission to bring back England to the love and obedience of Blessed Peter will be discharged by prayer and charity, and by appeals to faith and reason.

XI.—How to Increase Devotion to St. Peter.

The answer to my second question is very simple. To lift our love of Peter and of his See into its proper sphere, we must use our intellect, and ponder Peter's claim to love and devotion. We must prove our love by works.

We should think of Peter as the solid Rock on which our feet are placed, the Doorkeeper of the ark of refuge from the flood, the Shepherd of the Flock, the Fisherman of the Universe, the Teacher of the habitable world, pointing out their duty to sovereigns, states, and peoples. He is the Christ-like key bearer of the Heavenly Kingdom.

But it will greatly help our heart if, while contemplating the powerful majesty of his Office, we seek access to the loving personal character of Peter's human nature.

Personal Traits in the Petrine Character.

The Prince of the Apostles was a real man, both in the weakness and in the generosity of his nature. While he was a child in discipline, his love for his Master was continually outstripping his strength. In his eager desire to embrace his Lord, he would throw himself upon

the waves, and then, trusting to himself, would begin to sink through fear. He would openly confess the Divinity of Christ, and then would dissuade his Lord from His mission. He was ready to go with Him to prison and to death, yet could not give to Him one hour of prayer. He could gird the sword and wield it, and then, trembling at the voice of a maid, would deny that he had ever known his Master. Yet strange to say, he fell into so grievous a sin because, as St. John Chrysostom points out, his love exceeded that of those who fled, and urged him to venture beyond his depth rather than forsake his Lord. Poor, frail human heart, how little to be trusted by thyself! But presently humility and grace came hand in hand, and raised and perfected his fallen nature. He became a model of compassion for poor sinners and quick to help them. The same warm, eager, loving heart, beat within his bosom; but now strong and invincible. Think how the words: "Peter, lovest thou Me more than these?" bring tears of love and sorrow to his eyes. See how that old weather-beaten face, after long years of toil and trials without number, is furrowed more by weeping than even by the lines of time.

Read the Gospel written by his disciple Mark, and note how full it is of minute and touching details which none but the most loving eye-witness could have stored up, while such was now his humility that "he perhaps entreated St. Mark (as Chrysostom affirms) not to mention the great things that redounded to his honour, but to pass them in silence and to dwell rather upon his fall."

St. Ambrose sees in Peter a continuation of Christ's love for us, and calls this Apostle "the Vicar of His love." One would, therefore, expect to find in his heart an overflowing fountain of affection. And so it was. An early writer records a tradition illustrating this. He says that while Peter was walking one evening outside the walls of Rome, near to what is now known as the Porta San Pancrazio, he was seen by his companions to be suddenly overcome by emotion and to burst into tears. They inquired the cause. "See what the poor

mother has just done," he said; "she has drawn off her own cloak to cover up her child who is asleep upon the bank. It was thus the Master treated us. While He prayed on the mountain side, we slept and He often would come and cast His own cloak about a disciple as he slept, to protect him from the cold of the night."

Finally, if in fear and hatred the Roman Emperor took the life of Peter, in love Peter triumphed over the Roman Empire; and in love, the triumphant love of Christ, he never ceases to carry on his mission of good-will and of salvation to the world.

XII.—Six Works of Devotion to St. Peter.

The works we can perform are these:—

1. To honour him publicly as an act of propitiation and impetration. This might be done by raising an altar to him, or, at least, a statue, in all our churches.

2. To address public and private prayers to him with great confidence in his power.

3. To spread, as widely as possible, knowledge of the life and writings of St. Peter, especially of the devotion of the English Church to him. The English people are drawn to the truth when it is presented to them in the concrete far more powerfully than when set before them by dry, lifeless, abstract reasoning.

4. To contribute Peter-pence after the manner of our forefathers during Peter-tide, that is, between the Feasts of St. Peter and of St. Peter's Chains. We may note as a happy omen and as another link with the past, that whereas our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were the first to introduce into the Church the devotion of Peter-pence, we their children were the first to revive it as an institution in 1859.*

* The cry for the revival of Peter-pence sprang up in England exactly three centuries to the year after its suppression by Elizabeth. "Let the Peter penny be re-introduced," were the words in the appeal published in November, 1859, by *The Tablet*, "not as a momentary help merely, but as a regular and lasting contribution. . . . We cannot doubt that this glorious and practical example [set by Great Britain and Ireland] will be followed by every part of the world."

It was Cardinal Wiseman who suggested the formation of the Confraternity of St. Peter.

5. To pray and to work for the independence of the See of Peter—that is, for the restoration of the Temporal Power; never to listen to timid and worldly counsels acquiescing in the spoliation of the Pope; never to despair, never to fall short of the demand made by Christ's Vicar; to organize ourselves and to unite with the nations of Christendom in demanding and insisting upon the triumph of justice; in a word, to use all lawful means to restore to Peter the independent position of Sovereignty which his office and dignity, as Vicar of God and Head of Christendom, demand.

Sixthly, and lastly, loyally to accept and zealously to propagate the teaching and the counsels of the See of Peter. Society is sick and out of joint, in England as elsewhere. But Peter has spoken through the mouth of Leo. He reprimands the encroaching power of the State and the tyranny of wealth. Once more he earns the title, which the English people used to give him, "*The Refuge of the oppressed.*" He teaches the labourer his duties and protects his liberties, while he safeguards legitimate authority and private property. It is thus that Peter has been guiding society through all centuries.

It rests with us, the Catholics of England, to wean our countrymen from their prejudices against him, by an example of worthy conduct, and by translating his Instructions into practice. This at least we can do,—and it should become the special business of the Catholic Truth Society,—namely, disseminate broadcast throughout England, among all classes, in public reading rooms and libraries, in clubs and private houses, the last Encyclical of Leo XIII., *On the Conditions of Labour*. Through the careful perusal of this document, the English people may learn that now, as of old, they have no better friend to their rights and liberties than Peter and the successors in his See.

The Curé d'Ars.

(1785-1859.)

BY LADY HERBERT.

Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney was born in 1785 at Dardilly, a village not far from Lyons. His parents were respectable and pious people of the farmer class; his mother was specially noted for her great and deep religious feeling; and it was to her teaching that M. Vianney used to say he owed all his holiest impressions. But from a child the little Jean Marie was noted for his goodness and his love of God. Prayer was his delight, even at four years old, when, being one day missed, he was found on his knees in a corner of the stable. His loving mother would go every morning herself to wake her children, so that she might make them offer their little hearts to God and secure that this should be their first thought. When she saw her little boy's extraordinary devotion, her one idea was that he should some day become a priest. But she had many trials to go through ere this hope could be realized. First came the French Revolution, which swept away both throne and altar. Their parish church was closed—their priests exiled or murdered. Few and far between were the blessed seasons when the faithful were summoned to some carefully-guarded hiding-place, at the peril of his life and theirs.

Little Jean Marie was then eight years old, and had the charge of the cows and sheep on his father's farm, leading them out every day to browse in the fields near his home. Our Lord made this the school in which the boy, like another St. Vincent de Paul, was trained for the interior life. He became also a little apostle among his companions, to whom he would often speak of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and having placed a little picture of her against a willow tree (which is still shown) he would frequently say a "Hail Mary," and was never so happy as when he could induce the other shepherd-boys to do the same.

Next to God, Jean Marie loved the poor. His parents were most kind and hospitable, and his greatest delight was to help his mother to prepare their beds or their food, and to deny himself every little delicacy to add to their store. If some were children like himself, he would gather them round the fire, and coax them by pious stories to listen to him and to make acts of faith, hope and charity, and this was done so humbly and simply that none took offence, and many were touched to the heart by his words. Owing to the troubled state of the times, he did not make his first Communion till he was eleven years old, being prepared for it by some pious Sisters of the Order of St. Charles, who had taken refuge in the neighbouring parish of Ecully where his grandfather was then living. From that moment he seemed to increase every day in fervour and piety, yet without ever neglecting his home duties. His obedience became a bye-word in the family, so that his mother used to set him as an example to the rest. In the midst of the hard work he often had to do, he never lost the habit of interior prayer, nor his sense of the continual presence of God. He would often say later:—"When I was alone in the fields ploughing or sowing I would pray aloud, but when others were with me I used to pray in my heart. O those were happy days! I often used to say to myself, as I struck my hoe or spade into the ground: 'So must I cultivate my soul, to pluck up the evil weeds and to prepare it for the good seed of the good God.'"

At last the Revolution was at an end: the priests who remained returned to their flocks; and Ecully joyfully received back one of these Confessors of the Faith, the Abbé Balley, who had often ministered to them during the days of terror, at the peril of his life. His first care was to collect the boys and young men in his parish, and it was not long before he found out the holiness of Jean Marie. The sight of this holy priest at the altar made the deepest impression on the lad: and his longing to be able to devote himself body and soul to the glory of God and the good of souls increased daily. At last he opened his heart to the Abbé Balley, who encouraged him in every way; while, so much was he beloved at Dardilly, that all the neighbours offered to share in the expense of his education. His parents gladly gave their consent: but then a terrible difficulty arose. His education had been entirely neglected: he knew no science but that of the saints: his conception was slow and his memory unretentive. Sometimes he would be entirely disheartened. But one day the bright idea struck him to go on foot, asking alms as he went, to the tomb of St. John Francis Regis, and there to ask for the power of learning enough to become a priest. His faith was rewarded and the grace was obtained in a way which astonished both his masters and himself. All seemed to augur success in his vocation, when a new and terrible blow fell upon him.

It was in the autumn of 1809; Napoleon's wars had exhausted the youth of France; a fresh conscription was ordered, and Jean Marie, although inscribed on the list of students for the priesthood, found himself compelled to serve in the army, and was ordered to join his regiment at Bayonne. The grief of his family and friends may be imagined. Every effort was made in vain to find him a substitute. He alone kept up his courage and tried to submit cheerfully to the will of God. On his way to Bayonne he was taken so ill that he was placed in the Lyons hospital, and afterwards under the care of the Sisters of St. Augustine at Roanne. There he so far recovered as to be appointed to join a detachment then forming to join the army in Spain. On the way, a stranger came up to

him and asked him why he looked so sad. Jean Marie told him his story: and the stranger begged him to follow him through the woods and mountain paths, till he brought him to a lonely house where he was kindly welcomed by a newly-married couple, who gave him food and shelter, while his guide suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. The next day he was taken to a village called Noës, where he was kindly received and carefully concealed by a woman named Fayot, whom he spoke of later as "one of the most beautiful souls he had ever known." Here he opened a school, having changed his name to that of Jerome to conceal himself from the search of the soldiers.

The painful suspense of his parents as to his fate was at last relieved by the good widow Fayot herself, who went to Ecully to see them and assure them of his safety. In 1810 his younger brother volunteered to take his place and the exchange was accepted; so that after fourteen months absence he was able to return to his beloved studies. He was so much beloved at Noës that everyone in the place insisted on contributing something towards his outfit—one giving him a cassock, another table-napkins, and the like. Soon after his return he was sent to the Little Seminary of Verrières, to go through his course of philosophy. Here again he had much to suffer from his fellow students, who, seeing that in intellectual acquirements he was their inferior, treated him as a simpleton. But his masters, though at first they had failed to appreciate the noble qualities of their slow and timid student, were soon filled with admiration of his uniform and consistent piety. His companions were not slow to make the same discovery, and, conscious of their previous injustice, did all in their power to show their love for and appreciation of him. In 1813 he began his study of theology under his old friend Abbé Balley; but when the moment of his examination came, his memory became a blank, and he made such incoherent replies that the examiners summarily dismissed him. M. Balley went at once to the Superior of the Seminary and entreated him to come the next day, with the Vicar-General and examine his pupil in private. The result was most

satisfactory, and he was at once admitted to the Great Seminary of St. Irenæus to prepare for Holy Orders.

When the time for his ordination drew near, however, the same difficulty arose. Jean Marie, in spite of his humility, sweetness and piety which had won the esteem of all, was sadly deficient in the learning usually required for candidates for the priesthood. Again Abbé Balley sought an interview with the Vicar-General, M. Courbon, who administered the diocese in the absence of the Archbishop, Cardinal Fesch, and who was remarkable for his discernment of character. On hearing from all his superiors that whatever might be his deficiencies in learning, he was a model of piety, he at once exclaimed, "That is enough. I will receive him—Divine Grace will do the rest." He was accordingly ordained subdeacon at Lyons by the Bishop of Grenoble, deacon the July following, and six months after was ordained priest at the same place. This was on the 9th of August, 1815, he being then twenty-nine years of age.

His first appointment was as curate to his old friend and master M. Balley, with whom he remained for two years till the death of this venerable priest, of whom M. Vianney wrote: "He died like a saint as he was; and his pure soul departed to add new joy to Paradise." The people of Ecully tried hard to obtain M. Vianney as his successor but he steadily refused, alleging his own unworthiness. Three months later he was appointed Curé of Ars, a little village in the Department of Trévoux.

The peasants in this place were in a state of the utmost ignorance and spiritual poverty. How was their new pastor to win their hearts and bring them to a better state of mind? He had but two weapons: one, incessant prayer; the other, the fervent preaching of the word of God. To this he added the tenderest charity; so that each one of his flock felt he was loved and cared for. His great desire was to establish in his church the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament: but where was he to find adorers? At last he found a few faithful souls who were willing to join him. First, the lady who lived in the Castle or big house of the place, Mlle.

d'Ars, whose time was divided between prayer and the care of the poor and sick. Then a simple peasant joined them, who, whether going to his work or returning from it, never failed to go into the church and adore his Lord. M. Vianney once asked him what he said when he knelt before the Tabernacle. "I say nothing," the old man replied; "but I look at Him and He looks at me!" Then there came a poor widow named Bibot, and a Mde. Pignaut, who had come from Lyons to be under M. Vianney's pastoral care. Thus a little group was formed, who began the day with holy Mass and ended it with night prayers and the rosary said in common. Very soon, other members of the congregation followed the good example; and to the joy of the good Curé, all the village came at last, after their day's work, for half-an-hour's prayer before going to bed.

To encourage them in more frequent Communion, to stop Sunday labour, and to induce the young girls in the parish to join in a Confraternity of the Rosary, were the next objects of his zeal; in all of which he was eminently successful. Then came the decoration of the neglected parish church, in which he was greatly assisted by the Viscomte d' Ars, who sent him a splendid tabernacle, candlesticks and reliquaries for his new altar. To show his joy and gratitude, he and all his flock made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Fourvières at Lyons. Then he built various small chapels: one dedicated to St. John the Baptist, his patron; the next to St. Philomena, his "dear little Saint," as he called her, who obtained everything by her prayers, and to whom he attributed all the graces and wonders which were done at Ars.

After five years in the parish, M. Vianney was appointed to the parish of Saller, an important place in the Beaujolais. He did not refuse to go, but still most earnestly wished to remain in his obscure village. Thrice he packed his poor furniture for departure, and thrice the inundation of the Saone rendered it impossible. In the meantime his flock redoubled their prayers and remonstrances to the Bishop and the Vicar-General, and at last they were persuaded to cancel the appointment and leave the beloved Curé in peace.

From that time till his death, M. Vianney never left his parish save to assist neighbouring priests occasionally in giving missions and retreats. In one that he gave at Trevoux, in 1823, the number of conversions was so great that he was beset with similiar applications; but he accepted such work only when he could do so without neglecting his beloved parishioners at Ars. In 1825 he began an important work in his parish, which was the founding of an asylum for orphan and destitute girls, which he called "La Providence." To purchase a house for this purpose he sold all he had in the world and anticipated all he received from his living. He placed it under the care of two very pious women whom he had himself trained in obedience, humility, simplicity and absolute dependence upon God— Benôite Lardet and Catherine Lassagne. They began in the utmost poverty, without even bread, but, trusting in Divine Providence, their wants were, one by one, supplied. Soon the number of the orphans increased to such a degree that the house had to be enlarged. The Curé became at once architect, mason, and carpenter—he made the mortar, cut the stones and carried them with his own hands—so that fired with a like zeal, the whole parish came to help in the work. Over and over again, food was miraculously multiplied in answer to his prayers; his granary was filled with corn and his cellar with wine; while money poured in from the most unexpected quarters and always at the moment of his greatest need. The type upon which he had founded his Home was rather that of a poor and pious family than of a charitable institution. It embraced none of the modern systems of learning; but the girls were taught to write and sum, besides needlework and knitting, the rest of the time being filled up by household duties. The Curé gave them catechetical instruction every day himself, speaking to them of the chief truths of faith and, above all, of the fear and love of God. These little instructions have been collected by his old friend, the Abbé Monnin, and are models of beautiful and touching teaching on the Sacraments, on the practice of certain special virtues, and the sweetness of the Real Presence

We have said nothing yet of the heroic life of the Curé d'Ars. There are few even among the saints whose daily lives bear the mark of a more systematic and unflinching crucifixion of the whole man, a more uniform practice of both exterior and interior mortification, than we find in the portrait traced of him by those most familiar with the details of his really supernatural existence. His ordinary food consisted of some pieces of black bread, or some potatoes which he boiled for himself once a week. In vain did his pious housekeeper or any friend make him some little delicacy. It went instantly to the poor and sick. He had at first a straw palliasse on his bed, but finding that too luxurious, he slept latterly on the floor with a stone for his pillow. His whole day, with very short exceptions, was spent in the church and he rarely allowed himself more than two or three hours' sleep. When his confessional became so crowded that from midnight the people were waiting for their turn, he reduced the already small amount of rest allowed his worn-out body. As to his clothes, though particular as to cleanliness, he never would have but one cassock, which he wore till it was in rags. His hat was shapeless and his boots were guiltless of blacking. Yet in this guise he would attend ecclesiastical conferences and other clerical meetings, and in answer to the raillery of his companions would reply: "What I have got on is quite good enough for the Curé d'Ars," thus adding humiliation to mortification.

The sufferings inflicted on him by the devil were added to those which he so mercilessly waged upon his poor body and for years interrupted the little sleep which he had allowed himself. His biographer states that this persecution went on, with more or less violence, for a period of thirty years. Not only were horrible noises heard, which alarmed everyone who came to the house, but terrible doubts of his salvation, fears of hell and other spiritual conflicts, were added to his physical tortures. Yet what must have been the courage which could hold out, night after night, against this continual, sensible pressure of the powers of evil,

and return to his daily labour for souls with a brow so unruffled and a voice as calm and soothing as if none but ministering angels had been suffered to come near his bed! His brother priests often laughed at him for these "hallucinations," as they called them; and some went so far as to treat him as a visionary and a maniac. One evening, when he was giving a retreat at St. Trivier-sur-Moignans, this raillery took a bitter tone. "Your presbytery," they said, "is nothing better than an old barn; the rats are quite at home there, and you take them for devils!" The holy Curé said nothing, but retired to his room, rejoicing in humiliation. That very night, however, the scoffers were rudely awakened by a fearful noise. The presbytery seemed upside down, the walls shook as if with an earthquake, while fearful cracks seemed to threaten to bring down the whole house Everyone rushed out of bed and to the Curé's room, whom they found resting. "Get up," they cried; "the presbytery is falling!" "O no," he replied; "I know very well what it is. Go back to your beds. There is nothing to fear." They never after this jested at his nightly disturbances!

These violent noises almost always coincided with some wonderful manifestation of Divine Grace in the conversion of noted sinners: so that the holy Curé accepted the trial patiently for their sakes. One day, when there was a great celebration of the Forty Hours' Adoration at Ars, a strong smell of burning pervaded the place, and it was found that the poor bed and all the furniture of the Curé's room were burnt, including the few poor holy pictures round his bed; yet the floor remained unscathed, though being old wood, it would have caught fire instantly had the conflagration been a natural one. The Curé, as it happened, had been all night in adoration. When told of the event he said, laughing: "As he could not burn the man, he has consoled himself by burning his bed! To-day I think I am the poorest man in the parish. They all have beds and now, thank God! I have none." Somebody having begun to pity him, he answered quickly: "Oh, there is less harm in this than in the slightest venial sin."

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But it was not only the Evil Spirit who was permitted thus to torment him. The Curé d'Ars would have wanted one essential mark of sanctity if this persecution had not been accompanied by the dislike and misrepresentations of even good men. He bore this trial for more than eight years; but he lived it down. A meeting had been held by the most influential clergy in the neighbourhood, who resolved to make a formal complaint to the new Bishop of Belley "of the imprudent zeal and mischievous enthusiasm of this ignorant and foolish Curé." Mgr. Devie sent his Vicar-General to Ars to inquire into the whole matter, who returned edified and delighted with all he had seen and heard. "I wish you, gentlemen, a little of that folly at which you scoff. It would do no harm to your supposed wisdom!" Such was the verdict of the good and holy Bishop after a most minute inquiry. Never during that terrible trial did word or look betray what M. Vianney suffered, or mar the serenity of his face. Believing himself to be deserving of all the blame cast upon him, he always expected to be ignominiously dismissed from his cure.

Yet he worked on just as hard and just as calmly. To a priest who one day came to complain of the wearisome and unjust persecution to which he was subjected, he replied: "My friend, do as I do—let them say all they have to say—then there will be no more to be said, and they will be silent." He practised to the letter the maxim so often on his lips: *The saints never complain.* When asked how he could possibly, under the continual threatening of dismissal and amidst the wearing vexation of this strife of tongues, have preserved his energy and the self-command necessary to labour on with unabated ardour and perseverence, he replied: "We do much more for God when we do the same things without pleasure or satisfaction." To the jealousy and calumnies of the good were added the bitter enmity of the bad, who dared to accuse this man, an example of the most austere penance and modest gravity, of being a vile hypocrite and leading an evil and scandalous life. When some one was expressing his indignation at such imputations on his spotless purity, he answered: "I am

sorry that God should be offended: but, on the other hand, I rejoice in all that is said against me, because the condemnation of the world is the benediction of God. I was afraid of being a hyprocrite when people were making some account of me; and I am very glad to see that unfounded high estimation of me turned into contempt."

Thus did his humility defeat every wile of the devil. It was at this very time that the concourse of pilgrims to Ars began to increase in so wonderful a manner. His great miracles and his great works (supported by abundant alms) date also from this period.

But this faithful disciple of His Divine Master was to drink the draught of his own chalice—that dereliction of soul which is the heaviest of all trials to one who loves God with his whole heart. The Abbé Baux, who was his confessor for many years, affirms that his soul was habitually subject to the bitterest desolation. Our Lord hid from him the immense good which He was working by his means. He honestly believed himself to be utterly useless and devoid of piety, understanding, knowledge, discernment, or virtue. "He was continually haunted," writes his great friend, Abbé Monnin, "by confusion for past faults and by fears of faults to come: and by the constant dread he had of doing ill on every occasion." "I have no resource against temptations to despair," he once said, "but to throw myself before the Tabernacle, like a little dog at his master's feet."

His intense appreciation of the sanctity required of the ministers of the sanctuary was another source of suffering. Speaking one day of the difficulty of corresponding with a true priest's vocation, he exclamed: "Ah! to say Mass, one ought to be a seraph. If we really knew what Mass is we should die! We shall never understand how blessed a thing it is to say Mass till we are in Heaven. How pitiable is the state of that priest who does this as an ordinary thing! There are some who have begun well and said Mass devoutly for some months; and afterwards. . . ." (Here his voice was choked with tears.) "Oh, when we consider what it is that our great God has intrusted to us, miserable creatures that we are! . . .

What does the mischief is, all this worldly news, this conversation, these politics, these newspapers. We fill our heads with them: then we go and say our Mass or our Office. . . . We do not enter enough into ourselves: we do not know what we are doing. What we want is more reflection, more prayer, more union with God. O how unhappy is a priest who is not interior! . . . . One of our great misfortunes is that our souls become callous. At first we are deeply moved at the state of those who do not love God. At last we come to say: 'These people do their duty well: so much the better: these others keep away from the sacraments, so much the worse!' and we do nothing—neither more nor less—in consequence!"

"Ah!" he continued, "there is no one in this world so unhappy, very often, as a priest. In what does he pass his life? In beholding the good God offended; His Holy Name blasphemed; His commandments continually violated: His love continually outraged. The priest is like St. Peter in the pretorium of Pilate. He has always before his eyes his Lord insulted, despised, mocked, covered with ignominy. It is horrible. If only God were less good! but He is so good! what will be our shame when the day of judgement discovers to us our ingratitude! we shall then understand it; but it will be too late,"

In spite of all these mental and bodily sufferings, however, there was no outward indication of the conflict within, so great was the strength and the patience with which he possessed his soul.

The pilgrimage to Ars, which for a period of thirty years seemed to bring back a scene from the days of St. Bernard to this unbelieving nineteenth century, began shortly after the foundation of the "Providence" Asylum. "Divine Providence," wrote M. Léon Aubineau, "so ordered it that men and women, enamoured of all kinds of vanities, should come in crowds to this out-of-the-way village to do homage to humility and simplicity. While the philosophers of our day are all inveighing against confession and its consequences, the people have replied by flocking to Ars to venerate a Confessor!"

Persons of the highest rank and most refined and luxurious habits, were content to be ill-lodged, ill-fed, to rise at daylight or before, to be squeezed, elbowed, repulsed, braving cold, hunger, thirst, fatigue, want of sleep and all to catch a few words from the holy Curé. They would not have done as much for any king or queen of earth.

In 1835 it was found necessary to organize a regular system of public conveyances from Lyons to Ars, and of steamboats on the Saône. M. Vianney soon arrived at that state to which St. Philip Neri bound himself by vow—never to have an hour or a moment to himself. From that year he was dispensed by the Bishop from the usual pastoral retreat. "You have no need of a retreat," said the Bishop; "and there are souls at Ars which have urgent need of you." M. Monnin states that even in 1848 the number of pilgrims amounted to 80,000 in the course of the year, and they went on steadily increasing. They were admitted to his confessional each in his turn; but M. Vianney would sometimes call out of the crowd such as, by the supernatural light vouchsafed to him, he perceived to be in most urgent need of spiritual succour. No other claim of precedence was allowed.

It was this daily and unremitting labour for souls which constituted the real miracle of the life of M. Vianney, which was, in fact, passed in the confessional. Of the twenty-two hours he gave to labour, he reserved only time to say his Mass and Office and to snatch the semblance of a meal at mid-day. Two hours only were given to sleep. At one o'clock in the morning he was in his confessional in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist till six or seven o'clock, according to the season, when he left it to prepare to say Mass. So closely did the crowd press upon him that it was necessary to clear a passage for him whenever he stirred. After Mass, he blessed the various objects of piety which were presented to him, drank a little milk which had been brought to him in the sacristy, and then heard the confessions of forty or fifty men who had been waiting all night. At ten o'clock he closed the sacristy door and said his Office, kneeling on the floor without any support. When that

had been done, he went to a little room under the belfry, where he confessed the sick or those who could not wait any longer at Ars. At eleven o'clock he catechized. As he went down from the pulpit, the throng was thicker than ever. At twelve, he went to his poor dinner, the people watching for him at every outlet from the house. At half-past twelve he went to the "Providence" on parish business or to visit the sick. Then he returned to the church, said vespers on his knees, and then went back to his confessional till night.

It might have been supposed that labours so incessant and absorbing would have prevented him from giving his full attention to each soul in particular. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There was not one of his penitents who might not have believed him or herself to be the object of his special solicitude. He had that great art and wisdom which enables a man to concentrate his whole mind on the present moment; so that amidst the overwhelming pressure of such a multitude of people, he listened to the penitent at his feet as if he had nothing else to do or to think of. Such for thirty years was the life of the Curé d'Ars. A man of the world wrote not long ago: "People speak of the miracles at Ars: but the greatest of all was the laborious and penitential life of M. Vianney. That a man could do what he did, and do it every day, without ever growing weary or sinking under it, is what surpasses all human comprehension. This is to me the miracle of miracles."

In the beginning of May, 1843, however, he was seized with an illness which threatened to be his last. The concourse of pilgrims in May had been immense and at length even his giant strength gave way. He had previously been attacked by the fever which was so prevalent in the unhealthy atmosphere of the Dombes, and was ever afterwards subject to acute headaches which he bore with his accustomed calm and cheerfulness. But this time his health gave way so completely that the last Sacraments were administered to him, and the despair and desolation of his flock may be imagined. Then he begged that a Mass might be said for him at the altar of St. Philomena, when he fell into a peaceful

slumber which was the precursor of his perfect recovery. He attributed his cure entirely, under God, to the intercession of his "dear little saint," as he called her. A profound terror of the judgements of God, and an intense fear of death, characterized this first severe illness of the holy Curé; but when the hour of his departure really came, sixteen years later, there was no trace of this fear, which had then given place to the simple trustfulness of a little child sinking to rest in its mother's arms.

On his recovery, the Bishop insisted on his accepting a coadjutor, and appointed M. Raymond, the Curé of Savigneux, to assist him. But M. Vianney no sooner saw him installed than he thought he might now leave his work in better hands than his own, and that Divine Providence had thus interfered to set him free to follow the long-cherished wish of his heart—for perfect solitude: or, as he expressed it, "to weep over his own poor sins, so that God might perchance have mercy on him." He had run away once, three years before, one very dark night, when an interior voice called him back to Ars. Now, however, on the plea of health, he went back to his old home at Dardilly, on foot and by wayside paths lest he should be pursued and forcibly brought back.

The whole parish was in utter consternation. His flock followed him to Dardilly, so that he felt he must seek some other refuge. In the meanwhile, the Bishop positively forbade him to leave his diocese and begged him to go with M. Raymond and make a pilgrimage to the Chapel of Beaumont, an ancient sanctuary of our Lady. They went into the church to say their office when they arrived; and on rising from their knees to go out, found, to their astonishment, that the whole church was filled. M. Raymond told him that he could not do less than say a few words to these poor people, on which the Curé began to speak to them on the Love of God, and his voice, which had been so weak since his illness, was restored to him so that he could be heard by the whole church. The next morning they both said Mass: and during his thanksgiving, M. Vianney, turned to his companion, said suddenly: "Let us return to Ars!"

His flock were overjoyed. The labourer left his work, the thresher threw down his flail, the women ran out of their houses. At last a cry arose: "Here is our Saint!" and his children crowded round him, struggling which should be the first to get his blessing, to touch his cassock, to kiss his feet. He went straight to the church and said the evening prayers amid the joyful and grateful tears of the people. Like his Divine Master, the Curé d'Ars, having fled from the applause of men, returned to consummate his sacrifice.

Once more, however, was the temptation to escape to come upon him, for he always felt and said "that it was a fearful thing to pass from the cure of souls to the tribunal of God."

He had raised funds for the foundation of a society of missionaries, which was established at Pont d'Ain and which enabled missions to be preached in ninety parishes of the diocese. Mgr. Devie's greatest wish was to connect this House with Ars, so that the example of the holy Curé should be continually before the eyes of his young priests. This design was carried out by his successor, Mgr. Chalandon, who in 1853 appointed Abbé Toccanier, one of the missionaries at Pont d'Ain, to go to Ars and assist M. Vianney. Here was a favourable opportunity for the good Curé to put, as he expressed it, "a better man in his place." The serious illness of his brother gave him the pretext, and in spite of the efforts of his flock, he again set out in a carriage provided for the purpose. But he had scarcely started when he was seized with a most unusual feeling of fatigue. He got out of the carriage to get some fresh air, and tried to walk, but in vain. M. Toccanier, who was with him, offered to go on to his brother and replace him. M. Vianney accepted, and no sooner had he turned his horse's head towards Ars than all feelings of weakness and illness disappeared. He was met by the omnibus from Lyons, full of pilgrims, some of whom had not been to confession for forty years. "You see," said his friend, "that the good God stopped you Himself this time, to bring you back to the work so dear to Him—the saving of souls." M. Vianney

smiled, but the lesson had not been lost upon him. He now understood that what he had fancied was an inspiration was, in fact, a temptation; and never again strove to leave the path which God had so visibly pointed out to him.

The celebrity which became so keen a suffering to this humble and holy man of God, increased as time went on, and was the more extraordinary from the fact that it rested on his sanctity alone. One distinguished pilgrim exclaimed: "He is the very model of that child-like spirit which Jesus loved; and therefore it is that God is with him." Another, a celebrated poet, was so struck by his appearance that he involuntarily said out loud, "I have never seen God so near." "True, my friend," instantly said M. Vianney, pointing to the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the Altar, "God is not far from us. We have Him there, in the sanctuary of His love."

Not only eminent laymen from all parts of the world flocked to his confessional, but Bishops and Princes of the Church. Among these was Mgr. Dupanloup, who came filled with fear on receiving the burden of the Episcopate. "There are many Bishops in the Calendar of Saints," replied M. Vianney, "but hardly any Curés. Judge, Monseigneur, whether you have as much cause to tremble as I!"

In May, 1854, the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne, came, and has left a graphic account of the extraordinary impression the Curé produced upon him. He was speaking of prayer for England and of the sufferings of our poorer Catholics on account of their faith, while the Curé was listening, his eyes nearly closed; when all of a sudden he opened them wide, and fixing them on the Bishop with extraordinary brilliancy, exclaimed in a tone of confident assurance: "I believe and am sure that the Church in England will return again to its ancient splendour!"

Père Lacordaire paid him a visit the previous year, and listened in silent reverence to the words and advice of the holy Curé. When M. Vianney heard who it was, he exclaimed: "That which is greatest in science

is come to humble itself to what is least in ignorance; the two extremes have met." He had the greatest dislike to having his portrait taken, and on one occasion, when a very holy painter came with a letter from the Bishop, to beg for a sitting, he replied: "Willingly—provided Monseigneur will permit me to leave the place directly afterwards!" The poor artist was compelled to catch the likeness by stealth, and that with great difficulty.

Among the marks of honour he received was the dignity of Canon, conferred upon him by Mgr. Chalandon, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour, sent to him by the Emperor. He never wore his Canon's dress except at the ceremony of his reception by the Chapter; and as to the Cross, all he said was: "I can't conceive what made the Emperor send me this, except for having been once a deserter!" He had opened the case containing it, supposing it was a relic or something for his church; and his look of blank disappointment was well remembered, as he said: "It's nothing but this, after all."

We have said nothing of M. Vianney's personal appearance. He was rather short, and though not devoid of vigour, yet his whole frame indicated a highly nervous temperament. Up to the last, his hearing retained its acuteness, his sight its keenness, his mind its clearness, and his memory its freshness, and that up to the very day of his death. Yet his body had reached such a degree of extenuation as to seem almost transparent. His head fell slightly forward on his breast, from the habit of recollection and adoration. His hair fell thick and long like a white aureole round his head. On that emaciated face there was no token of aught earthly or human; it bore the impress of Divine grace alone. The eyes alone betokened life, they shone with an exceeding lustre. There was a kind of supernatural fire in M. Vianney's glance, which continually varied in intensity and expression. That glance dilated and sparkled when he spoke of the love of God, while the thought of sin veiled it with a mist of tears. It was by turns sweet and piercing, terrible and loving, child-like and profound. It was a very furnace of tenderness and

compassion when fixed upon any one. It had that mysterious power of attraction bestowed by our Lord upon those closely united to Himself; and, wonderful to say, that glance, which searched all hearts, never frightened any one. Without thinking or knowing of it this man, so weak in bodily presence, drew to himself all who came near him and within the sphere of his influence. Once to meet his eye, or hear his voice, was to be fascinated by him for ever. Men of the world have acknowledged that after they had seen the Curé d'Ars, his image seemed to haunt them, and his remembrance to follow them wherever they went, so vivid was the impression of his sanctity.

Next to his eyes, the most remarkable thing in the face of the Curé d'Ars was his profile, the lines of which were bold, harmonious and well defined. Although the sweetness and serenity of his face betokened the Divine peace which dwelt within him, yet his characteristic expression, when at rest, was a kind of supernatural sadness. But when he came forth from his habitual state of recollection to converse with men, it was a bright and gracious smile which was ever ready to respond to every look turned upon him. In fact, there was not one of his features which then did not seem to smile. In conversation he was gentle, cheerful and even playful. The spirit of God which dwelt within him gave to his lightest word an incomparable sweetness, fitness and simplicity. As people say of others now and then, "he always said the right thing in the right way." When Mgr. Chalandon came for his visitation, he met him with the words:

"Monseigneur! the days on which your holy predecessor visited our parish were days of benediction, and no wonder, for where the saints pass God passes with them. We have lost nothing, Monseigneur: on the contrary, we have gained; for Mgr. Devie still blesses us from heaven; and you, whom he chose to carry on his work, you bless us on earth. Bless us, Monseigneur, bless the pastor, bless the flock, that we may always, and all together, dearly love our good God."

To Mgr. de Langalerie, who said to him; "My good

Curé, will you kindly permit me to say Mass in your church?" he at once replied: "Monseigneur, I am only sorry that it is not Christmas, that you might say three."

At the end of the long procession on Corpus Christi, one of his friends wanted him to take some food. He refused, saying "I do not need it. How should I be tired? I have been bearing Him who bears me."

A religious once said to him, with great simplicity: "Father, people believe generally that you are very ignorant." "They are quite right, my child," he replied; "but it does not matter. I can teach you more than you will practise." We might multiply such speeches were we not afraid of exceeding the space allotted to us.

It is a difficult task to preserve perfect tranquillity amidst incessant activity: recollection amidst the most absorbing exterior labours: entire sweetness and self-possession and constant union with God in the midst of hurry, noise and an undue pressure of work. But the Curé d'Ars rose superior to this trial. At whatever moment he might be seen, surrounded, pressed, assailed by the indiscreet multitude: harassed by absurd and idle questions: tormented by impossible requests: called hither and thither; intercepted whichever way he turned; not knowing how or who to answer first: he was always himself, never irritable or impatient, always gracious, always amiable, always compassionate, always ready to yield and grant everything to all with a sweet, calm and smiling countenance. It was impossible to detect a cloud on his brow, or the slightest shade of annoyance or discontent: still less did any one ever hear a word of reproach or complaint from his lips. Again, when, towards the last years of his life, he was surrounded by the most clamorous and unrestrained tokens of respect, confidence, admiration and veneration; applauded, followed, borne in triumph by the multitude; when he saw them haunting his steps, hanging on his words, kneeling for his blessing—still he was the same; simple, modest, humble, ingenuous as a child; never seeming for a moment to suspect that his own sanctity had anything whatever to do with this extraordinary concourse, or with the miracles celebrated by so many tongues.

Another remarkable feature in his sanctity was his extraordinary consistency. Most men have their good and bad days: their hour of weakness, irritability or the like. With him it was otherwise. He was watched day and night, day after day, week after week, and he was never known or seen to act but in the most perfect manner. In all he did, he combined the utmost purity of intention with the greatest intensity of fervour, so that it was impossible for those about him to find an instance in which he might have done better what he had in hand. The tender and considerate kindness which was one of his striking characteristics sprang, in part, from his total self-forgetfulness. He who never sought for sympathy under the severest sufferings of mind or body, gave all he had to those around him, especially to the poor, the weak, the ignorant and the sinful. He was as sensitively careful of and anxious for the health of his missionaries as he was sternly regardless of his own. "On one of my first Sundays," writes M. Toccanier, "he remarked that I coughed at vespers. What was my astonishment to see him come in to me, after night prayers through a violent storm, with his little lantern in his hand, and say: 'My dear friend, I fear you have a bad cough. Stay in bed to-morrow morning. I will say the first Mass in your place and catechize the children.'"

To buy for one a warm cloak, for another an umbrella, for a third some other material comfort, were daily proofs of this tender consideration for those about him which was carried into all the most insignificant details of daily life. He never sat down in the presence of others, nor allowed others to stand in his own. How could any one help loving a man who was himself so full of love? It was not by alms that he won all hearts, but by his loving tenderness and sympathy; by the active and heartfelt interest which he took in others. With the growth of his interior life, his solicitude for his neighbour seemed to develop day by day.

Of the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, we have given already sufficient examples in the holy Curé's life. During Mass he seemed actually to see our Lord, and when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, the

expression on his face was such that it riveted the attention of all who saw him. He had received the gift of prayer in a super-eminent degree, together with a constant realization of the Presence of God. Yet he had not the smallest affectation or singularity in his devotions, and deprecated any posture in church which might attract attention.

"M. Vianney," wrote one of his biographers, "had but one thought—to love God and to make Him be loved by others. Always God's work—never the slightest admixture of his own. Never did he allow himself the most trifling relaxation and never an instant's respite." "It is impossible to conceive," wrote Catherine Lassagne, "how much M. le Curé had at heart the salvation of souls." He laboured and wept for them by day; he suffered for them by night. To satisfy his burning charity and unsatiable liberality, he would sell all he possessed, even to his clothes. "We should never repulse the poor," he would say. "If we cannot really give them anything, let us pray that some one else may be inspired to do so. People scold me and say: 'They will make a bad use of their money.' Let them make what use of it they will. They will have to answer for the use they make of your alms; but you will have to answer for not giving it if you can." Money, however, poured in to him from all quarters; and not only money but food and wine were miraculously supplied to him on several occasions. When he wanted to make a foundation, he would simply pray to our Lady, or one of the saints. "If this work be pleasing to thee, send me the means to carry it out," and his simple faith was invariably rewarded. The sum he received for the single work of the missions amounted to 200,000 francs: and this was only one of the many great works he was permitted to accomplish, To a priest, who was in despair for money to finish his church, he said: "My secret is very simple—it is only to *pray*, and when you have obtained what you have asked for, *to give everything and keep nothing*."

Of the austerity of his life we have already spoken, as also of the severity of his bodily sufferings. But he

mortified himself in a hundred little ways besides. He would never smell a flower, never drink when parched with thirst, never brush off a fly, never appear to be conscious of an unpleasant smell, never express disgust at any repulsive sight, never complain of anything whatever which affected him personally, never lean against anything when kneeling, and so on. He suffered terribly from cold; but would never take any means to preserve himself from it, and once, during a very severe winter, both his feet were frozen.

Love, humility, poverty, mortification—these were the links of the chain which carried this marvellous soul to Heaven. He would often say, "We have nothing of our own but our will, and a single act of renunciation of that is more pleasing to God than fasts or disciplines. Even in the world we may at all times find opportunities for this renunciation. We can deprive ourselves of a visit which would give us pleasure: we can perform some distasteful work of charity: we can go to rest a little later or get up a a little earlier. Of two things to be done, we can choose that which is the least pleasant to us. *It is this which makes saints.*"

"Who was your master in theology?" was once ironically asked of the Curé d'Ars. "I had the same master as St. Peter," he replied with the utmost simplicity. His faith, in fact, was the only source of his science—his only book, our Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke without any other preparation than his habitual recollection in God and with that perfect self-possession which arose from entire forgetfulness of self. He thought only of the souls before him, and made them think only of God. This stood him instead of any great talent or rhetoric, and gave to the simplest words he uttered a singular power and an irresistible authority. "It was his whole being that preached," wrote the Abbé Monnin, "and the power and energy of his words struck home to his hearers even without the beauty of imagery which abounded in his sermons." "Those who only heard him in his catechetical instructions," writes M. Monnin, "only half knew his power. It was in his Sunday

discourses that the apostle, the prophet, the saint, consumed with thirst for the salvation of souls, came forth in his full power and mastery."

In the words of Mgr. Devie, "the Curé d'Ars was not learned, but he was specially enlightened by the Spirit of God;" and the extraordinary gift of illumination with which he was endowed shone forth pre-eminently in his direction of souls. His singular gift of discernment enabled him to give that counsel to every person who came to him which proved to be the most conducive to the perfection of each. One he would advise to enter a religious order: another to wait till some home duty had been discharged: he would advise a third to marry, a fourth to lead a single life in the world, and so on. With loving playfulness he would answer one girl who had been pouring out a long story which he knew by heart: "My child! in which month of the year do you talk least?" and as she bit her lips in silence, he added: "It must be the month of February, because it has three days less in it than any other!"

A parish priest came to him one day with a very complicated case upon which no one he had hitherto consulted had been able to throw any light. M. Vianney replied with one word, which threw so vivid and instantaneous a light on the subject that the priest was amazed and overjoyed. "Where did you study theology?" he exclaimed. M. Vianney pointed to his *prie-dieu*. So great was the estimation in which his judgement was held, that there was not a charity or religious congregation founded in France during his life which was not first submitted to him. In this way Mde. Eugénie Smet laid her plans before him when she was thinking of starting her congregation for the relief of the souls in Purgatory. She begged him to pray specially for this project on all Souls' Day. The holy Curé remained for some time with his head between his hands. Then he looked up and said with tears: "This is the work which God has been so long asking for." He then dictated a letter to her which began as follows: "The idea of founding an Order for the relief of the

souls in Purgatory comes directly from the Heart of our Lord, who will bless and prosper it."

The sketch of this holy man's life would be incomplete if we did not say a few words of the miracles which were operated in answer to his prayers. These will be, of course, submitted to official investigation during the process of his beatification: but they are attested by too many eye-witnesses to admit of any doubt. The first, in 1838, was the cure of one of the directresses of the "Providence" who had been entirely given up by the doctors and was, in fact, in her agony. The Curé prayed earnestly to St. Philomena and she was instantly restored to health and strength. A poor soldier had a crippled child and brought him to the Curé. "Be consoled," he said, "your child will be cured." And the words were hardly out of his mouth when the boy jumped up and began to walk. A similar cure occurred with another child, whose mother had travelled many miles to bring him to Ars, and who for twenty-four hours had hung upon his steps, holding up her boy with a gesture of such faith and entreaty that no one had the heart to drive her away. That evening the boy begged his mother to buy him some shoes as the Curé had told him he would walk the next day. Full of faith, the poor woman did so, and was rewarded by seeing her child run to the church, crying out; "I am cured! I am cured!" The mother only implored to be allowed to thank him. The Curé was inexorable. Later he was told that he must help her to thank St. Philomena, to whom he always attributed all his cures. Then he exclaimed in a tone of mortification: "St. Philomena really ought to have cured this little thing at home!"

Endless tales of the same kind are recorded; and still more wonderful were the miracles of grace of which he was the channel. This was emphatically his work, to which the bodily cures wrought at Ars were but secondary. A noted atheist was persuaded by a friend to accompany him to Ars. He went from pure curiosity, believing in nothing. As the Curé passed out of the sacristy to say his Mass, his eye fell on this man. It was but a glance, but it pierced his soul. He remained

motionless during the Mass; but when the Curé passed again, an invisible force seemed to drag him to follow the priest. The door was closed, and all the man could say was: "I have a crushing burden on my shoulders!" "I know it," replied the Curé, "and you must get rid of it at once. Kneel down and tell me all your poor life, and our Lord will take up your burden, for He has said: 'Come unto Me, all ye who are heavy laden, and I will refresh you.'" The man did as he was bid, and opened his whole heart to the good Curé, who comforted and cheered him, so that he left the sacristy full of faith and hope and joy; neither did any doubts ever after destroy his peace.

But a volume might be filled with the like conversions, which continued up to the very time of his death; for at last the hour came when this faithful servant was called to his reward. The intense heat of the month of July, 1859, had tried him very much, as the church was positively suffocating from the great crowd which continually filled it. Several times he fainted away; yet the moment he recovered he went back to his confessional. On Wednesday, the 29th July, he went through his usual routine of labour, catechizing, passing seventeen hours in the confessional and ending with night prayers. When he returned home he sank on a chair saying, "I can do no more." He went to bed; but at one o'clock in the morning when he tried to rise and go as usual to the church, he fainted away. Some one came in and exclaimed: "You are ill, M. le Curé, shall I call some one?" "No, it is not worth while. I think it is my poor end." He had foreseen and foretold his approaching death, and did not speak of saying Mass, which was a bad sign. He would not, however, submit to the use of a fan, which he considered a luxury. "Leave me with my poor flies," he feebly said. "You are suffering very much," said one of the watchers. "We are going to invoke St. Philomena with all our might that she may cure you as she did before." "O, St. Philomena will not do so now," was his only reply.

The consternation was deep and general when M.

Vianney's absence from the confessional was perceived. The missionaries and the Brothers of the Holy Family watched continually round his bed, while night and day his pillow was tended by his old and beloved friend, the Comte des Garets. Another of his parishioners took up his station on the roof of the presbytery, and under the burning sun of August, during the whole time of his illness, continued watering the roofs and walls, to keep up a refreshing coolness around him. On Tuesday evening M. Vianney asked for the Last Sacraments; silent tears flowed from his eyes when the bell announced the last visit of his Lord. A few hours later he wept once more, but they were tears of joy. They fell upon the cross of his bishop, Mgr. de Langalerie, who came, in breathless agitation, praying aloud as he forced his way through the kneeling crowd who intercepted his passage. He was but just in time. At two o'clock in the morning, without struggle or agony, Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney fell asleep in the Lord while the priest was pronouncing the words :—" Let the holy angels of God come forth to meet him, and conduct him to the city of the heavenly Jerusalem."

The Curé d'Ars gave up his holy soul to God in the arms of the faithful companions of his labours, the Abbés Toccannier and Monnin. That life of extraordinary self-sacrifice, devotion, prayer, charity patience, humility, mortification, was over. He had fought the good fight: he had finished his course: he had received his Crown.

The emaciated body, seamed and scarred with the glorious stigmata of penance, lay on his poor pallet, arrayed by the hands of his beloved missionaries in the cotta and cassock which in life he never laid aside. One of the lower rooms of the Presbytery was hung with white drapery and flowers, and thither for two long days and nights came pilgrims from every part of France to weep and pray round him, who, for the first time, had no answering tears to give, but whose prayers now tenfold mightier than before, were rising for them before the Throne of God. Notwithstanding the intense heat, not a trace of decomposition appeared upon the

body up to the time of the funeral. The venerable face lay uncovered, sweet and calm, as if in a quiet sleep.

On Saturday the funeral procession was formed. From early dawn dense masses of people had been collecting in and near the village till six or seven thousand were gathered together. More than three hundred priests and representatives of all the Religious Orders came to pay their last tribute of reverence to the departed saint.

The procession halted in the square before the church, and there the Bishop of Belley, in words which have echoed through many lands, told what had been the life and death of this good and faithful servant of God. "The apostolate of the saints," writes M. Monnin, "ends not with their earthly life. Their relics have a mission too. We hope that from his venerated tomb M. Vianney will carry on his work. Several instances of extraordinary graces and of bodily cures, wrought by his intercession, have already occurred. We may not forestall the judgement of Holy Church; but when it shall please Him to call this new star to shine in the firmament of His Church, it shall answer 'I am here.' It will be the hour of His Divine power and many miracles will reveal it."

Many hearts have thrilled at the words of consolation which he spoke, bidding us "be assured" of the conversion of England. Pray for us then, O holy Confessor of Christ, by the slow martyrdom of your life-long toils for souls. Pray for our priests, that their labours may be multiplied and their numbers and strength be made equal to their labours. Pray for our unbaptized and neglected children, O father of the orphan and the outcast. Pray for those, who, from no fault of theirs, have been brought up in heresy and schism, that their eyes may be opened and that they may see the light and the beauty of God's Church.

And let all of us do our utmost to forward the cause of the beatification of this holy and humble priest, so that our cold and listless lives, fired by his example, may catch some distant gleam of his burning love for souls, and be filled with the same ardent desire to devote all our words, thoughts and deeds to the glory and service of God.

THE THREE CLAIMS.

WHAT is the latest form of Protestantism in the Church of England?

It consists of **three claims.**

What are they?

The first is that the Church of England is a branch of the Catholic Church.

It is held that the Roman Catholic Church is one branch of the Catholic Church, and that the Greek Church is another branch, and that the Church of England makes the third branch, and thus there are *three* separate branches, Roman, Greek, Anglican, in the One Holy Catholic Church of Christ.

This is what is called the **Branch Theory.**

What is the second claim?

It is claimed that the Church of England is the same Church which existed in this country from the earliest times, and that the Church of England, after the Reformation, is continuously the same with the Church in England before the Reformation.

This is the **Continuity Theory.**

What is the third?

The third claim is that the Bishops and Ministers of the Church of England have been validly ordained, and have, therefore, by unbroken succession, all the powers of the priesthood which Christ gave to His Apostles.

This is the claim of **Apostolical Succession.**

What does the Catholic Church say to the three claims?

She denies all three.

Why does she deny the Branch Theory?

Because the Church, like Truth, is **One** and **indivisible**, and neither from Scripture nor Tradition was it ever imagined that the Church of Christ existed in separate "branches." The Church is the "Body of Christ," and no living body could exist in separated parts.

Again, because the Branch theory is rejected by the branches themselves.

The Branch theory holds that the Roman, and Greek, and English Churches make up the three branches. But the two first and greatest, viz., the Roman and the Greek, utterly deny that they are "branches;" and in the Church of England, the whole discovery of the Branch theory is only believed in, and was only made, by a single party, and brought into prominence within recent times.

How do we know that the Catholic Church could not exist in separate branches?

Because the Catholic Church is that body in **which Christ teaches** "all nations" "for all days." No Church could be a branch or part of the Catholic Church unless Christ were *with it*, teaching in it and through it. But if Christ were teaching in all three branches, His teaching would be the same in all. Christ cannot be teaching in the Roman Church, and in the Greek Church, and in the Church of England, and teaching different doctrines in each. He cannot teach in the Roman Church that the Mass is the sacrifice supremely pleasing to God, and in the Church of England that it is false and "idolatrous." Yet, unless Christ teaches in a Church, that Church cannot be a branch of the Catholic Church in which He has promised to be "with us:" —*Go ye and teach all nations . , . and behold I am with you all days to the consummation of the world.*

Why does the Catholic Church deny the claim of Continuity?

Because the Church of England, after the Reformation, is a new church, and has no sameness with the Church in England before the Reformation.

But the Reformed Church was made up of the same people and the same persons?

Persons and people make the same *nation*, they do not make the same *Church*. When a man changes his religion, he is the same man and the same person as he was before, but he belongs to another Church. It is the *religion* not the *person* that makes a difference of church.

But the Reformed Church remained in possession of the same Cathedrals, Churches, and Church Lands?

So it would if Henry VIII. had made it Mohammedan instead of Protestant. A man may still live in the same house and possess the same property, although he goes over to a new church, and professes a new faith and a new religion.

What then is required that the Church of England should be the same continuously with the Church before the Reformation?

That it should profess the same **Faith or believe** in the same doctrine, and practise the same religion.

Was the faith and religion of the Church of England after the Reformation the same as that of the Church in England before the Reformation?

No, there was as great a difference between them as between black and white, or yes and no.

Why?

Because the Religion in England before the Reformation was **Catholic and Roman,** whereas the Church of England is **Protestant** and **Anti-Roman.**

What do you mean when you say that the Church before the Reformation was Catholic?

That it was the same as, and in full communion with, the Catholic Church all over the world,—that it acknowledged the authority of the Catholic Church in all matters of faith and morals,—that it believed in all things taught by the Catholic Church, such as the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Real Presence, Confession, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead.

What do you mean when you say it was Roman?

That it recognised the authority of the Pope or Bishop of Rome as Supreme Head and Pastor of the Church of Christ.

Why is the Church of England, after the Reformation, Protestant?

Because she is cut off from the communion of the Catholic Church; because she has rejected its teaching authority; and because in her articles and homilies she denies the chief Catholic doctrines, declares the Mass to be idolatrous, either denies or discourages Confession, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead.

Why is the Church of England, after the Reformation, Anti-Roman?

Because she rejects the authority of the Pope or Bishop of Rome, and denies that he is the Head of the Church.

How do we know that the Church in this country from the earliest time was Roman and Catholic?

We know that the early British Church was Catholic and Roman because its Bishops approved the decrees of the **Council of Sardica, in A.D. 345.** Unless they

and the Church they represented were Catholics. they could not have subscribed the decisions of a Council of the Catholic Church. We know they were **Roman** because the records of the Council distinctly tell us that they **acknowledged the Pope to be their "head,"** and referred all their decisions to him, and acknowledged that it was the Pope who was to be the **final and supreme judge** of all ecclesiastical appeals. (Canons 3, 4, and 7, Council of Sardica.)

How do we know that the Church in Anglo-Saxon times was Catholic?

From the history and records written in that time. **St. Bede** in his History tells us how the Anglo-Saxons believed in the Sacrifice of Mass and Transubstantiation, and said Masses for the dead. History moreover tells us how the Bishops acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and how the Archbishops received the pallium, the symbol of their authority, from his hands, and how the country paid **Peter's Pence** or **Romescot**, as a tribute of loyalty and subjection to the Holy See (Laws of Eadmund).

How do we know that the Church after William the Conqueror was Catholic and Roman?

We know it was Catholic because it was in full communion with the whole Catholic Church; and we have in the decrees of the English councils and constitutions of Bishops overwhelming evidence to prove that the Church in England believed in the **Mass, Transubstantiation, Confession, Devotion to Our Lady, Masses and Prayers for the Dead,** as truly and fully as we do at the present time.

How do you know it was Roman?

Because the whole Church and nation fully and constantly acknowledged the Pope as supreme Head of the

Church, and were subject to his authority. Because the Bishops of England were confirmed or **appointed by bulls** from the Pope, and for centuries each at his consecration **took an oath of obedience and allegiance** to the Pope. We have thus the **sworn testimony** of every Bishop in England for successive generations that the English Church was **Roman Catholic.** Moreover, the Pope was publicly prayed for as Head of the Church every Sunday in every parish church of England even from Anglo-Saxon times. We read moreover, how in 787 and 798, the Popes exercised the highest form of jurisdiction, by making Lichfield into an Archbishopric and transferring to it five sees from the Province of Canterbury, and again by reducing the same Archbishopric, and by restoring the sees to their former Archbishopric. We find that both for the making and the unmaking, the English Kings had recourse to the Pope, and that King Kenulph, in so doing declares himself the devoted son of the Pope and "embraces him with all the strength of his obedience." (Haddon and Stubb's, *Ecclesiastical Councils*, Vol. III. pp. 444-521.)

In 1246, the Primate and the Clergy in their letter to Pope Innocent IV. declared that the English nation had always been "specially devoted to the Holy Roman Church," and that the "English Church had ever been a special member of the Holy Church of Rome."

Why does the Catholic Church deny that the Church of England has Apostolical Succession?

Because Apostolical Succession depends upon having a succession of validly ordained Bishops and Priests. But all the present Bishops and Ministers of the Church of England derive their ordination from Parker, who was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Queen Elizabeth. Parker was consecrated by Dr. Barlow, who

was a Bishop-elect under Henry VIII. We hold that this consecration was invalid for two reasons.

What is the first?

We deny the validity because there is **no proof that Barlow himself was ever consecrated** a Bishop, as not only no record of his consecration was ever found, but he himself declared that no consecration was necessary; and because the deed of his temporalities, which should have testified to his consecration, leaves out all mention of it, and is worded in a totally different manner from what it would have been if he had received consecration.

What is the second?

We deny the validity of the consecration, because Barlow in consecrating Parker did **not use the form appointed by the Church,** but a new English form, utterly insufficient for the purpose—so insufficient that the Anglicans themselves amended it about a hundred years later.

Were there not other Bishops there besides Barlow?

Yes, but Barlow was the consecrating prelate. On him the validity of the proceeding depends. Moreover, the others only used the same form which he did, which, as we have seen, we hold to be insufficient.

Moreover, men who openly disbelieved in the sacrificial powers of the priesthood could have had presumably no intention of conveying such powers to others, and intention is essential to the valid administration of a sacrament.

What view does the Greek Church take of that question?

The Greek Church has never admitted the validity of the orders of the Church of England. The Greek Church

has never acknowledged that Anglican bishops are really bishops, or Anglican ministers to be really priests.

Why then do we reject Anglican Orders?

Because the Church rightly holds that all doubtful orders are to be held as null and void and worthless. And Anglican orders never can be otherwise than doubtful—doubly doubtful since they have been rejected by both the Greek and the Roman Church—three-fourths of Christendom—doubly doubtful on account of the historical doubt as to Barlow's consecration, and of the theological doubt as to the sufficiency of the form he used.

What then do we say of the three claims on which Anglicanism is based?

We deny the **Branch theory** because it is unscriptural and theologically absurd. We deny the claim of **Continuity** because it is historically false. We deny the claim of **Apostolical Succession and validity of Orders** because the grounds on which it is made are both historically false and theologically unsound.—J. M.

The following penny Pamphlets may be consulted:—

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189; or, the Church of Old England protests.

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Church Defence. Three Series.

The Old Religion in England.

Continuity Reconsidered. By J. H. Matthews.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.
[Price 2s. per 100.]

THE HOLY COAT AT TREVES.*

BY THE VERY REV. CANON MOYES.

THE seamless garment worn by our Divine Lord is said to be preserved at the Cathedral of Treves. It is regarded as one of the most precious relics of the Church.

It is exposed to the view of the public only at intervals of many years, and the exposition is consequently an occasion of great solemnity and of numerously attended pilgrimages.

When it was exposed in the year 1810, more than 200,000 pilgrims visited the Cathedral. Another exposition took place in 1844, and the number of pilgrims exceeded a million.

On Aug. 20th, 1891, the relic was once more set forth for the veneration of the faithful. A Pontifical Mass was celebrated on that day in its honour, and the Holy Coat was solemnly unveiled by the Bishop of the diocese.

For forty-five days it was exposed for veneration on a raised platform, behind the High Altar, in the Cathedral at Treves. Nearly two million pilgrims visited it during that time, the average being over 40,000 a day. The devotion of the pilgrims was remarkable, and many miraculous cures are said to have been worked on the sick who came to touch it and to invoke the aid of Him Who wore it here on earth.

In view of the prominence of the event, and the comments which it has elicited from the non-Catholic public, there are certain facts which it may be desirable that all Catholics should have well in mind.

* The account of these relics is based on the history given in the work of M. Rohault de Fleury, "Sur les Instruments de la Passion," p. 252.

1 All vesture worn by our Lord is an object of the Church's veneration. It is held that according to the Jewish custom, the outer garments used by our Lord would be chiefly three:

1. A tunic.
2. An over-tunic.
3. A mantle or cloak.

2. The tunic was shaped like a shirt or surplice. It reached to the knees. It had short full sleeves reaching barely to the elbows. It was close-fitting round the waist.

3. The over-tunic was a long robe like a cassock or soutane, covering the whole person and reaching to the ground.

4. The mantle or cloak was worn over both the above described garments, and was generally laid aside when indoors.

5. Two mantles are mentioned in Holy Scripture as worn by our Lord—the purple garment in which He was clothed when shown by Pilate to the Jews, and the white garment, in which He was derisively clothed by Herod.

6. Several of these garments are said to have been preserved in various parts of the Church. In most cases, the relic consists not of a whole garment, but of a *fragment*.

7. It is to be noted that relics which are only a fragment or a *part* are usually styled by the general name of the whole from which they are taken. Thus a small piece of our Lord's mantle preserved at Moscow is called "the Mantle of Christ." So, too, a small portion of the skull of St. John is called simply "the Skull of the Baptist." It is plain that such relics may be divided into a great many pieces or portions, and venerated in different parts of the Church. Thus we may have a portion of a saint's skull in Madrid, another in Rome, and another in Constantinople. The fact that each is described simply as the "skull" of the saint has led certain would-be-witty Protestants into the

supposition that we believe that the saint had three skulls; and others of the more earnest kind into concluding that if the skull at Madrid be genuine, the other two at least must be impostures. The solution is surely a very simple and natural one, and lies in the fact that relics are generally divided into fragments, and that the fragment, in common parlance, is styled by the general designation of the whole.

The Relic at Treves.

8. Holy Writ mentions the "seamless garment" of our Lord, which was given to the executioners, and for which they cast lots.

9. This garment is said to have been preserved at Jerusalem for the first three centuries until the finding of the Holy Cross by St. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine.

10. St. Helena is said to have sent the "Holy Coat" to Agritius, Bishop of Treves (then the capital city of the Western Empire). These facts rest upon tradition, and there are no written documents on the subject earlier than the 12th century.

11. In 1196, John, Archbishop of Treves, during certain works of restoration which were being carried out in his Cathedral, discovered the casquet which contained the Holy Robe. He had it placed under the High Altar, where it remained until 1512. The relic was subsequently removed to other places, but was restored to Treves in 1810.

12. On opening the casquet there was found inside a second case, covered with leather and, like the outer one, closed with three locks. Inside of this was found a third or innermost case, wrapped in linen. When the linen was removed, the case was found covered with a red lace-work with twenty-five unbroken seals, the same as on the sealed

document or statement which was found on the outside. Under the lace-work the case was fastened with two locks. When opened the case was found to contain three successive wrappings of silk—red, blue, and white. Inside of these, lying at full length, but folded once by the breadth, was found the Holy Robe.

13 On examining the robe, it was found that in certain parts a very fine stuff had been laid over the original with a view to preserve it. In course of time this fine material had worn away and fallen in pieces. Many of such pieces were collected by pious persons and preserved as "pieces of the Holy Coat." But this they were not, as the coat itself is still entire.

14. The coat itself has been proved to be of the most ancient texture. The inside is darker than the outside. It is a sort of greyish brown throughout. The threads are minutely fine.

15. It is about 4 feet 6 inches long. Under the sleeves it is about 27 inches wide. It grows wider as it descends, and is 3 feet 6 inches at the foot.

16. This robe is much longer than an ordinary tunic.

The Relic at Argenteuil.

17. The relic preserved at Argenteuil has the following history. Gregory of Tours, writing in the 6th century, says that the tunic of our Lord was preserved at a town in Galatia, about 150 miles from Constantinople. It was kept, he says, in a wooden chest, in a secret vault in a church dedicated to the Archangels. Thence it was carried to Jaffa, to preserve it from being carried off by the Persians, who invaded the country in 590. Gregory had these facts from the Bishop Simeon, who visited Tours in 591.

18. In 594, three patriarchs, John of Constantinople, Gregory of Antioch, and Thomas of Jerusalem, solemnly transferred the relic to Jerusalem. Twenty years later, with the Holy Cross, it was captured by Chosroës, King of

Persia. In 624, the Emperor Heraclius recovered both relics, and had the Holy Coat taken to Constantinople.

19. In the 8th century, the Empress Irene sent the Holy Coat to the Emperor Charlemagne. This emperor placed the relic in charge of his daughter, who was a nun and Abbess of the great religious house at Argenteuil. The solemn translation of the relic took place on the 13th of August, 800.

20. In 857 the monastery was taken and laid in ruins by the Normans. The nuns, before taking to flight, hid the relic in one of the walls, and for a long time it was believed to have been lost.

21. In 1156 it was refound by the Benedictines who had rebuilt the monastery. A charter was drawn out attesting the discovery, and is signed by Louis VII., the clergy, and leading members of the court.

22. In 1569 the church was burnt by the Huguenots, but the relic, preserved in a wooden chest, escaped injury.

23. In 1790, fearing that the relic would fall into the hands of the Revolutionists, the parish priest divided the relic into several portions and gave them in charge to several of his parishioners.

24. When the Revolution had passed over in France, the chief parts of the relic were restored to the Church in Argenteuil.

25. In 1854, at the request of Pius IX., a small portion of the relic was sent to Rome.

26. The texture of the robe at Argenteuil is of camel-hair very finely woven, and is not unlike canvas. According to the testimony of the inhabitants of Argenteuil who saw the relic before it was divided, the robe was one that would have reached below the knees, and had sleeves which would half cover the arms.

27. Other relics at Moscow, Venice, and elsewhere, are but *portions* of the robe or mantle of our Lord.

Faith and Relics.

We have only to subjoin a passage from the pastoral issued by the Bishop of Treves, in regard to the recent celebration:—

"Perhaps you will ask me, my brethren, whether the veneration of the holy relic which our Cathedral possesses be founded on fact, whether we must acknowledge it to be the coat without seam which our Lord Jesus Christ wore upon earth. I think it is my pastoral duty to answer this question to the best of my knowledge and conscience. First of all, we must remember that in this case there is **no question at all of an article of faith.** It is true a Catholic, unless his faith has suffered shipwreck, must not doubt in the least that we owe veneration to the relics of our Saviour and of the Saints, and that we justly venerate these relics. But when there is a question about the authenticity of a certain relic in particular, then EVERYBODY IS PERFECTLY FREE TO FORM HIS OPINION on sound and reasonable arguments. A Catholic who, wantonly and without grave reasons, doubts or rejects the authenticity of a certain relic, may appear arrogant or irreverent, but he is not for that to be considered erring in faith. The authenticity of a relic, like any other historical fact, is founded and proved on the testimony of man. The authenticity of no relic, be it the most eminent of the oldest Church in Christendom, falls under any precept of Catholic faith."

The Bishop then refers to the decree of the Council of Trent, which strictly forbids the public exhibition or veneration of any relic until its authenticity has been vouched for by a decision based on the testimony of pious and learned men; and proceeds to show how this condition has been abundantly verified in the case in question by the constant traditions of his see, and the witness of most saintly and enlightened of his predecessors.

Conclusions.

Finally, the position may be summed up in a few conclusions.

1. There is good and reasonable evidence for supposing the relics preserved at Treves and Argenteuil to be genuine.

2. The genuineness of such relics rests on human or historical evidence. It is no part of Catholic Faith ; we are not more Catholic when we believe in it, or less Catholic when we doubt it.

3. Each Catholic is free to examine the evidence for himself, and to believe and to act accordingly.

4. If a number of Catholics believe that the evidence for the genuineness of a given relic is strong and reasonable, they have a perfect right to believe in it, and a right of expressing their belief by devotional veneration. It is a matter of Christian liberty that they should have both the right and the opportunity of doing so. If any one believes in a relic and wishes to honour it, and he has reasonable grounds for doing so, who would be justified in interfering or hindering him?

6. Where then a case has been made out with reasonable grounds in favour of a relic, the Church gives her sanction that an opportunity of venerating it be afforded to the faithful, and in such veneration she directs and expresses their devotion. Were she to do otherwise, she would be trammelling the spiritual liberty of her children.

7. Moreover, as the honour paid to a relic is *relative* and not absolute, and has for its true and final object the person of whom it is the relic, such honour remains a good and religious work, quite independently of any question of the authenticity of the relic on account of which it is given. Thence the acts of devotion thus elicited are fittingly encouraged and rewarded by indulgences, without involving thereby any infallible guarantee of the relic's authenticity.

Three Facts.

8. On the general principle and practice of relics, three facts are useful to remember:

1. A dead man was brought to life by touching the bones of a prophet (iv. Kings (or ii. Kings) xiii. 20).

2. A woman was cured by touching the hem of our Lord's garment (St. Matthew ix. 20), and the sick were cured by handkerchiefs and aprons brought from the body of St. Paul (Acts xix. 14), and by the shadow of St. Peter (Acts v. 14).

3. An eyewitness of the martyrdom of St. Ignatius in the year 107, says: "For only the more solid parts of his holy relics were left, which were carried to Antioch and wrapt in linen, a priceless treasure bequeathed to the Holy Church through the grace which was in the martyr."—Martyrium St. Ignatii, vii.

Few things are more Scriptural, more "primitive," or more historical than the Catholic practice of the veneration of relics.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 18 West Square, London, S.E.
[Price 2*s.* per 100.]

St. Catharine of Siena

(1347–1380)

CHAPTER I

HER BIRTH AND EARLY DAYS

St. Catharine was born at Siena, a town in Italy not very far from Florence, in the year 1347. Her parents, Giacomo and Lapa Benincasa, were good people of the middle class, and her father, who was a dyer by trade, was noted for his piety. Catharine, and a twin sister who died in infancy, were the youngest of twenty-five children.

From a very early age the little Catharine gave tokens of future holiness; when she was but five years old, her love of the "Hail Mary" was so great, that she would kneel down on each step of the staircase, both on coming up and going down, to repeat it. Many times also her mother saw her, while fulfilling this pious practice, being lifted by the hands of angels, who would bear her quickly to the top of the steps. She was moreover so sweet and gracious that the neighbours surnamed her "Euphrosyne," a Greek name which means joy or delight, and her

speech was so wise and winning that it sank deeply into the hearts of all who knew her.

When she was in her sixth year, Our Lord favoured her with a wonderful and beautiful vision. She was coming home one day from visiting her eldest and married sister, together with her little brother Stephen, who was a year or two older than herself. Suddenly above the Church of St. Dominic, she saw a magnificent throne, on which was seated Our Divine Saviour, clad in pontifical robes, wearing a tiara, and having with him the blessed Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist. At this sight Catharine stopped short, dazed with the splendour before her, and, gazing lovingly on her beloved Redeemer, beheld Him making the sign of the Cross over her, at the same time smiling on her with looks full of love. Rapt into ecstasy, the child forgot where she was—the public street, the passers by—and remained with uplifted eyes, motionless as a statue, till she was somewhat roughly recalled to herself by her brother Stephen. He had walked on, thinking that she was following him, when he suddenly became aware that she was no longer by his side. He turned round, and, beholding her standing in the middle of the street, called out to her to make haste and rejoin him. Finding she gave no heed, he walked back, and pulling her by the hand, asked why she did not come on. Awakened as from deep sleep, Catharine lowered her eyes and looked at him, "If thou didst but see what I see," she said, "thou wouldst not disturb me," and instantly raised her eyes again. But alas! the vision had disappeared: and the little maiden wept long and bitterly, fearing that by her fault she had lost that glorious sight.

From this moment Catharine was no longer a child, and an ardent love of God became the only motive of her actions.

She learned to know, without reading or any human help, the lives of the Saints and especially that of St. Dominic, and felt a burning desire to imitate their penances, prayers, and practices of virtue. She sought out lonely places, and there scourged herself and watched and prayed. When she was about seven she determined to leave her father's house, and to lead, as far as she could, a hermit's life. So one morning she took a loaf of bread and set out very early before the household was awake. She knew the way to her sister's house, so thither she bent her steps, but when she reached it instead of going in, she passed it by and went out at the gate of the city. No longer seeing any houses, she thought she had found a desert, and after walking a short distance came to a cave in a rock. Full of joy she entered and set herself to pray, but scarcely had she begun her prayer when she felt herself gently raised from the earth, as high as the roof of the cavern. In this state she remained till the afternoon, when an interior voice warned her that it was not yet time for her to leave home and that God had other things in store for her. She therefore set out on her way back, but feeling herself too weak to walk so far, she earnestly asked Our Lord to help her, and in one moment found herself close to her parents' house. She was received by them as if she had returned from visiting her sister, and the story of her attempt at a hermit's life remained unknown till she revealed it to her confessor.

Not long after this, Catharine, in whose heart the remembrance of the glorious vision we have narrated

was ever present, and who from the time she had been allowed to gaze on the supreme beauty of her Saviour, had never ceased to hunger for a closer union with Him, made the vow of virginity. She presented her offering through the most pure hands of His Virgin Mother, and the sequel of her life will show how faithfully she kept it. From this time, too, dates an increase of austerities in her already so mortified life—she gave up eating meat, and took more frequent disciplines. Moreover she felt in her heart, young as she still was, an ardent desire for the salvation of souls ; and along with this desire sprang up a great devotion to those saints who had given themselves in a special way to an apostolic career. She learnt by revelation that St. Dominic founded his Order of Friar Preachers for this sublime end, and from this time, therefore, she conceived a particular veneration for the Dominican order. When she saw any of the Friars passing her father's house, she would follow after them, and kiss, with love and reverence, the prints of their feet. She longed to be one of them, and to work with them for the souls of sinners : and the thought of disguising herself as a man in order to gain entrance among them even came into her head. This idea haunted her the more, as she knew that St. Euphrosyne, by whose name she had once been called, had adopted a similar device, and under the garb of a monk had passed many years in a monastery. But God, who did not desire this of her, at length gave her to understand in prayer that such was not His will ; and Catharine, ever obedient to the inward voice which spoke so clearly to her heart, turned from the thought, and waited in patience for whatever her Divine Spouse should show her in the future.

CHAPTER II

SHE CONSECRATES HERSELF TO GOD

CATHARINE was but seven when she made her vow of virginity ; and the next few years, till she reached the age of twelve, were spent quietly at home, in the performance of her duties to her father and mother. Though her parents, particularly her father, could easily see that the virtues practised by their little daughter were of no common order, yet they had no suspicion of the promise she had made to God, and therefore now set about finding her a suitable establishment in life. Lapa, her mother, was especially keen on this point, and having once made up her mind that Catharine should be married, took what she considered the best means for obtaining a good match for her daughter. She ordered Catharine to take more care of her person, to adorn her hair, to wear feminine ornaments, and, in short, to try and render her appearance more attractive. The heart of the Spouse of Christ sunk at these unexpected requirements, and for some time she turned a deaf ear to all her mother's entreaties. But Lapa, not easily baffled when once she had resolved on anything, bethought herself of enlisting the help of her eldest daughter Bonaventura, of whom she knew Catharine was especially fond, and charged her to overcome her sister's repugnances. Bonaventura therefore seconded her mother's efforts, and at last Catharine, wearied by all their endeavours, and still more swayed by the very great affection she bore her sister, relaxed a little in her high purpose, and agreed to bestow somewhat more time and pains than

hitherto on her attire and adornment. Following on this compliance came a slight decrease of fervour in prayer, and a falling off in her love of meditation. True, she had never for one moment wavered in her fidelity to her heavenly Bridegroom, by letting any creature usurp His place in her heart; but God, jealous of the sanctity of His chosen spouse, and angry no doubt with the authors of this attempt to withdraw her ever so little from Him, interposed, and by a blow which fell hardly on the heart of Catharine, showed her at a glance the danger of the path she had entered upon. Her sister Bonaventura, though young and healthy, was struck down in the heyday of her life and strength, and died after a few days' illness. More than this, it became known to Catharine that she was suffering grievously in purgatory, and it scarcely needed this second blow to fill the heart of the saint with a deep and terrible anguish, for what she henceforth deemed a heinous transgression. In vain did her confessor assure her that no stain of mortal sin (if indeed of venial fault) had defiled her soul. Catharine for some time refused to be comforted. She kept herself in spirit at the feet of the Divine Master with St. Mary Magdalen, bewailing her infidelity to the Beloved of her heart. But she was not deserted in her hour of distress. One day, as with eyes heavy with weeping, she cast herself at the feet of her crucifix, and besought forgiveness with bitter lamentations, the voice of her heavenly Spouse came to her clear and distinct, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and Catharine arose, consoled and strengthened. It was not indeed to forget the past, for the remembrance of this time left in her heart matter for a life-long contrition. She took from this moment the glorious St. Mary

Magdalen for her mother and mistress, and purposed henceforth to imitate her in her deeds of penance.

One would have thought that St. Catharine's parents would, by this, have seen the uselessness of their efforts to turn her thoughts to earthly things, but on the contrary, the death of their eldest daughter only made them all the more determined to find a husband for Catharine. This time they invoked the help not only of their near relations but of all their kinsfolk, and the arch enemy did not fail to bring his aid to the attack. He worked upon her parents by suggestions, and upon the saint herself by apparitions and temptations. Catharine, however, stood firm, and at last Lapa, ever ingenious, hit upon a new device. She called to her help one of the Dominican fathers, an intimate friend of the family, and besought him earnestly to try and induce Catharine to comply with her wishes. The friar promised to do what he could, and spoke to the young girl, but the result was widely different from what her parents desired. She was so firm in her holy purpose of wedding no mortal man, that the religious, struck to the heart by her heroic constancy, changed his cue, and far from seeking to unsettle her resolve, did but confirm her in it. "Daughter," he said, "being now persuaded that you have made your choice by the inspiration of God, I have no more to say, save that you have chosen the better part, and may Our Lord give you grace to follow it. My advice to you is to cut off your hair, thereby to show your parents how bootless are their hopes of marrying you."

Full of joy, Catharine hastened to follow this counsel, and soon the hair which had been to her an occasion, if not of sin, at least of backsliding, lay

in its abundant tresses before her. Then she put on her head a coif or veil and hurried back to her usual daily work. Lapa, however, was not long in descrying the change in her daughter's attire. Running hastily to her, she tore off the kerchief, when perceiving that Catharine's head was shorn of the long, fair hair, so long her pride and delight, she uttered a piteous cry. "Alas, my child! what hast thou done?" The maiden, meanwhile, without answering a word, covered her head anew, but not before her father and brothers and sisters, startled by the mother's cry, came hastening in. In their turn they heaped reproaches upon her, and declared that she should have no peace or rest till her hair grew again, when they would know how to make her agree to their wishes. In order to stop her continual prayer, which they looked upon, and rightly, as the secret of her constancy, they agreed that she should no longer have a room to herself; moreover, that the kitchen-maid should be sent away, so that Catharine should be burdened with all the drudgery of the house, hoping that by this means an obstacle would be put to her increasing communion with God. But all these apparent hindrances to her devotion, served, by the mercy of God, but to fan its flame. Calm and unmoved, St. Catharine, by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, set about building a cell in her heart to make up for that which had been taken from her. Here, she could retire at all times, whether alone or in the company of others, and here she could ever enjoy the presence of One whom she found always awaiting for her within its enclosure. Moreover, she adopted the plan of looking upon her father as representing Our Lord Himself; on her mother as Our Blessed Lady, and on her brothers and other

members of her family as the apostles and disciples of the Redeemer. She went about the house with these thoughts in her mind, and thus the humble abode became to her a very paradise, and the sweet fragrance of heavenly things hovered over her daily work, bringing rest to her wearied limbs and unceasing refreshment to her soul.

Little by little, too, her patient holiness began to take effect on the minds of those around her. Her father, especially, began to reflect seriously upon the line of conduct he was pursuing, and to entertain doubts as to its lawfulness. A circumstance, moreover, which happened about this time made him enter still more into himself.

One day he chanced to go into the room of his son Stephen, which, empty most part of the day, had been chosen by Catharine as a retreat during the few minutes she sometimes still had at her disposal. On entering, Giacomo saw his daughter kneeling motionless in a corner of the apartment, and to his surprise, saw hovering over her head a dove of unsullied whiteness. At the noise made by his approach the beautiful bird flew out of the half-opened window, and the father in astonishment asked Catharine whence it came. "My father," replied the saint, "I saw no dove nor yet any other bird in this chamber." Wondering much, Giacomo withdrew, pondering deeply over what he had seen, though for the present he kept it as a secret locked up in his own heart.

By this, and by the sight of Catharine's daily virtues, God was preparing the hearts of her relations for her entrance into the great and holy order of St. Dominic, which, as we shall see, was to be the next step in the life of His chosen spouse.

CHAPTER III

SHE ENTERS THE DOMINICAN ORDER

One night, not long after the events just recorded, when Catharine was asleep she had a great and glorious vision. She saw before her several saints, founders of religious orders, and amongst others St. Dominic, whom she recognized by the lily of dazzling whiteness which he bore in his hand. Each of the holy founders in his turn invited Catharine to join his order, but she without hesitation moved towards St. Dominic. Instantly the Saint stepped forward to meet her, and offered her the habit of the Sisters of his order known as Sisters of Penance: "Take courage, dearest daughter," he said, "fear nothing, for thou shalt for certain receive and wear this habit." Overcome with joy, Catharine burst into tears, and returned humble thanks to God and the holy patriarch. Being moreover filled with a new and dauntless courage, she that very day chose a moment when all the members of her family were gathered together, and informed them in words which could not be gainsaid, that she felt the time was come to tell them of the vow of virginity which she had made, and that she begged them henceforth never to speak of marriage to her, for her resolution of belonging to God alone was fixed and irrevocable. Struck by her unwonted attitude and the energy of her words, her parents and brothers and sisters attempted no reply, but burst into tears; and for some moments no sound was heard in the room save that of their weeping. Her father was the first to recover himself, and declared that henceforth neither he nor any other of the family would oppose her

wishes, but that she should be free to follow the call of her heavenly Spouse. Catharine, whose heart was filled with unspeakable joy, in spite of the sighs and tears of those who surrounded her, immediately returned thanks, first to God for the mercy shown to her, and next to her parents, who had at this moment fulfilled the dearest wish of her heart by promising that she should no longer be hindered in her entire surrender of herself to the one object of her affections.

She instantly began planning out a life in conformity with this grant of freedom : she spent long hours in prayer during the day, and even most part of her nights were passed in this holy exercise. She abstained entirely from meat, and from the minute portion of wine which hitherto she had been used to mingle with her water ; her food consisted only of raw herbs, and little by little she brought herself to subsist without any nourishment whatsoever. She wore upon her delicate body a rough hair shirt, and when for reasons of cleanliness she cast this aside, it was but to gird herself with a chain of iron, so hard and terrible that it sunk deep into her flesh and seared it as if it were red-hot. Her poor mother watched all these fearful macerations with bitter grief, and one day when St. Catharine was engaged in taking a cruel discipline and was literally covered with streams of blood flowing down to the ground, she entered her room. "Alas ! alas ! my daughter, what doest thou ? Wilt thou kill thyself ?" she exclaimed : and, as if bereft of her senses, she began to run about the house, raving and uttering piercing cries till the neighbours came rushing in, appalled at the unusual sounds. When they entered the house, and saw with their own eyes both the affliction of

the mother and the proofs of the austerities of Catharine, we are told that they knew not which to pity most, the heart-broken parent, or the innocent young girl, who, to expiate the sins of others, had inflicted on herself such terrible and unheard-of torments.

The next step that St. Catharine took was to try and get herself received as a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic, mindful of the promise made her by its holy Founder. Her mother, after much persuasion, agreed to ask the Sisters to receive her among them, but at first met with very ill success. The Sisters declared that Catharine was far too young, and also that their ranks were wont to be filled only by widows of mature age and good fame, who were able to live alone and were capable of taking care of themselves. Lapa, nothing loth to have her daughter's plans upset, hastened home with the news, but failed none the less to deter Catharine from her endeavour. She was obliged to return anew to the nuns, though unluckily for our saint her demand again met with a decided refusal. It chanced, however, that just at this time St. Catharine fell ill of small-pox, and Lapa, who loved her best of all her children, nursed her with the tenderest care, and trembled at the fear of losing her. St. Catharine thought this a good opportunity for once more bringing forward her request. "Dearest mother," she said, "if you wish me to live, I beseech you to procure me the habit I have so long wished for, for you must know that if I do not obtain it, you will not keep me long either in that habit or any other." Terrified at these words, Lapa hastened back to the Sisters, who were somewhat touched at the mother's grief, and answered, "If thy daughter be not too fair we will consent to receive her."

"Come yourselves," Lapa answered, "you will be the better able to judge." So they followed her to the house where the maiden was lying on her sick bed, and on account of her disease they could not discern the beauty of her features. Moreover, they were so struck by the wisdom of her words and the ardour of her desires, that they no longer demurred, but to Catharine's unbounded joy, at last agreed that as soon as she was cured they would receive her into their company. Then, indeed, she speedily began to pray for the recovery of her health, which up till then she had had little care for, and Our Lord, seeing her longing desires to dedicate her life to His service, was not slow in granting her request. She was scarcely cured when, accompanied by her mother and other relations, she presented herself at the Church of the Dominican Fathers, and there in the presence of about a hundred sisters of the Third Order, was clothed with the holy habit of Penance. Some may perchance be tempted to wonder why St. Catharine did not go a step further if she were bent on becoming a nun, and enter one of the many enclosed monasteries of her native city, instead of remaining under her father's roof. But the answer to this is easy: God had raised up the saint to do the work of an apostle, and for labour which enclosure would have rendered impossible. She was, therefore we must believe, providentially guided to embrace a life which, while it left her free to come and go as the spirit of God should direct, would at the same time confer on her a religious character, and give more weight and authority to her words and deeds.

It would not, however, appear that St. Catharine herself was in any way conscious at this time of her

after destiny; her one idea was to become a perfect religious, and to imbue her mind with the spirit of the Dominican Order. "Behold, thou art become a nun," she would say to herself, "beware lest thou continue to live as thou hast hitherto done, but with thy garments change also thy way of life and customs." And she devoted herself more ardently than ever to prayer and penance. She never left her narrow cell except to go to church, and her silence was so rigorous that for three whole years she never spoke unless it were in confession. The three great characteristics of the Order of Friar Preachers imprinted themselves indelibly on her soul during the years which followed her entrance into it, for, to her practices of prayer and penance, she joined the most burning desire for the salvation of souls, thus proving herself a worthy daughter and fervent disciple of St. Dominic, who left as a heritage to his spiritual sons, contemplation, mortification, and the apostolic life. During this time also, which her after life shows to have been one of preparation, she had long and terrible combats to endure against the spirit of darkness. He assailed her with every form of temptation, and assaulted the spouse of Christ with the foulest sights and imaginations; but the only outcome of his impotent malice was to ground her still more firmly in heroic virtue and to win for her the choicest favours of her Lord. Once, after one of the most terrible combats she had had to undergo, Our Divine Saviour appeared to her as if hanging on the Cross, and consoled her with most sweet and loving words. Emboldened by His condescension, St. Catharine ventured to ask Him, "Lord, where wert Thou when my heart was so troubled with these loathsome temptations?" "My

daughter," replied her most gracious Saviour, "I was in thy heart." And soon after the vision vanished, leaving a heavenly joy lingering for many days in her soul. Nor was this favour the greatest of those bestowed on her in reward for her constancy, and for the humility which had rendered her proof against all the darts of the enemy. After many other celestial visitations, too long to dwell on in this short sketch, her Lord granted her one of the highest favours He has ever vouchsafed to give to any of His saints. One day, just before Lent, He showed Himself to her, and, after conversing with her for some moments, was joined by Our Blessed Lady and the Beloved Disciple, with St. Paul and St. Dominic. Lastly came the royal psalmist, King David, bearing his harp, on which he began to play tunes of unearthly sweetness. Then the most holy Mother of God advanced towards Catharine, and taking her by the hand, led her to her Divine Son, and begged Him to condescend to espouse her to Himself. He consented by bowing His head, and taking out a ring set with four precious pearls with a marvellously rich diamond in the centre, put it on the finger of her right hand, saying these words: "Behold I here espouse thee to Myself in faith, which shall endure in thee from this time forward, evermore, without change or shadow, until the time when thou shalt celebrate with Me in heaven the eternal nuptials. Wherefore, from henceforth, take courage and be not dismayed, but do whatever thou art told, for now that thou art armed with an invisible strength, thou wilt be able to withstand and overcome all thy enemies." Then the vision disappeared, but the mystic ring remained on the finger of Catharine, though visible to herself only.

Thus was the spouse of Christ made ready to begin the work to which she was destined. Clothed in the habit of the Dominican Order, her virtue tried and made perfect in infirmity, and finally loaded with celestial favours by Our Lord Jesus Christ, she was now to appear before the eyes of men, and to take part in the active work for souls in which she had hitherto only concurred by her prayers and penances. The next chapter will show how, little by little, this was brought about.

CHAPTER IV

THE BEGINNING OF HER ACTIVE LIFE

The first interruption in St. Catharine's hitherto solitary and secluded life came from Our Lord Himself. One day, after she had been long engaged in prayer, He told her that she was to go down and join the family at dinner, and that she should after that be again free to return to Him. St. Catharine was thunderstruck at this announcement, and at first besought Our Lord to let her stay with Him, pleading her inability to eat. But Our Lord stood firm and told her that she was now about to put in practice the precept of loving her neighbour for the sake of God, that she had always sighed and prayed for the salvation of souls, and that leaving her wonted solitude was the first step to more active work in their behalf. St. Catharine then hastened to obey, and though the prospect of again mixing in intercourse with others was by no means pleasing to her, took her place at the family repast. This first step was followed by fresh exertions and weanings from her hermitical way of life, and she began

anew to perform many household works, such as sweeping, washing, and cooking. But this outward change made none in her heart; whenever she could she flew back to her cell, and all day long her remembrance of the presence of God in her soul was so unbroken that she kept up the most intimate communication with Him despite all external employments.

Her accustomed ecstasies, far from being suspended, were more frequent and wonderful than ever, and became more apparent to others. When her mother, Lapa, saw her for the first time in a trance, she was so alarmed at the stiffness and contraction of her limbs, that she ran to her and pulling her violently by her neck, which was somewhat awry, tried to straighten it by force. Happily, however, a bystander, seeing the danger of what she was doing, uttered a cry, and Lapa abandoned her well-meant but injudicious endeavours. When St. Catharine shortly after returned to herself, she felt as if her neck had been all but broken, and declared to Brother Raymund, her ghostly father, that if her mother had continued her efforts any longer, she would certainly have caused her death.

Another day, when St. Catharine was preparing the family supper, she sat down by the hearth to turn the spit, but little by little her arm ceased to move, and soon fell helplessly by her side, while her soul was ravished in heavenly contemplation. Lisa, her sister-in-law, saw what was the matter, and quietly took her place, leaving her to the enjoyment of celestial favours. When the meat was roasted, Lisa placed it on the table, and, after serving the others, took her own repast, Catharine meanwhile being absorbed in ecstasy. The meal

having come to an end, the family dispersed, and Lisa, seeing it was useless to wait for her, went away to see after her children and husband. After a long absence she went back to the kitchen to see if Catharine had yet come to her senses, but what was her dismay to see the saint lying motionless on the hot burning coals. Screaming as loudly as she could, "Alas! alas! Catharine is burnt," she rushed to her and caught her up as quickly as she could. Her alarm, however, was changed to wonder when she could discover neither on her person nor on her clothes any traces of fire. Her garments were not even singed, though the fire that day had been fiercer than usual, nor was there any smell of burning. The fire of God's holy love which burnt in her heart had prevented the outward flames having any effect on her bodily frame.

This was not St. Catharine's only escape from fire at this period. Once when she was praying in the Church of St. Dominic, being again rapt in ecstasy, she leaned her head against a pillar on which there stood a wax candle. By some chance the lighted candle fell down upon her head, and there it remained burning till it was all wasted away, and yet did no harm to the saint, nor even to the veil or wimple with which she was covered. Twice, too, she was thrown by the fiend himself into the fire; the second time he dashed her with such force into a pan of burning coals, that the pan, which was of earthenware, was completely smashed. But St. Catharine, who was not in the least hurt or daunted, got quickly up and said merrily to a woman who was standing by: "See what work Malatasca (for so she called the demon) maketh here!"

Having now once more resumed her place in her

own family, St. Catharine's next step was to undertake more active works in favour of the poor and sick of the neighbourhood. Possessing nothing of her own, she craved her father's leave to give away food and money, and obtained from him a large and hearty consent. Before all his household, "Let no one," he said, "hinder my beloved daughter in the distribution of alms; I give her full control over all that is in the house." It need scarcely be said that St. Catharine took full advantage of this permission, and gave away whatever she could lay her hands on so lavishly, that murmurs began to arise in the family. One day especially, all were much disturbed when it was discovered that a large barrel of wine, which they had hoped would last for a long time, was found empty. In fact the discontent was so loudly expressed that Giacomo was much disturbed. Catharine, however, asking him the cause of his trouble, bade him fear nothing, and going to the cask and there kneeling down, besought Our Lord not to allow the alms she had given to the poor to become a cause of dissension in the family. She then made the sign of the Cross over the barrel, and the wine began to flow again in abundance. On numerous other occasions also did God come to the help of His faithful servant. Once when she was confined to bed by sickness, she learnt that a poor widow in the city was dying of hunger, as well as her two children. Touched with pity, Catharine implored Our Lord to give her strength enough to come to their rescue. She then rose, though it was not yet dawn, and loaded herself with every species of provision. As soon as the bell, before whose chiming none might stir out, sounded, she set forth on her errand of charity, and had nearly reached the

poor woman's abode when her burden, which had hitherto seemed quite light, became so heavy that she felt as if she could not take another step. Again she turned to God with humble trust in His mercy, and entreated Him to enable her to fulfil her charitable task ; and being once more strengthened, she reached the house, and finding the door open, went softly in and put down her load. She was turning homewards when for the second time all her strength forsook her, and seeing that it was the will of her Divine Spouse thus, as it were, to sport with her, she spoke to Him with a mixture of familiarity and reverence : "O my sweet Saviour, why makest Thou game of me in this manner—the day cometh on, and dost Thou wish that all the world should see my folly ? Grant me, I beseech Thee, strength to go home again." Then she tried to walk along but found herself barely able to creep ; the widow, too, who had been awakened by the noise, came down into the street and there recognised her benefactress. At last, however, Our Lord heard the prayer of St. Catharine, and she was enabled to reach home before the broad daylight came on.

Twice Our Lord Himself appeared to her in the form of a beggar, and asked alms from her hand, and both times He came to her during the following night, commending her for her charity and promising her eternal gifts in exchange ; in fact it would be impossible in this short life to enumerate all the wonderful events which now became almost of daily occurrence in the history of our saint. We must, however, say a few words of the heroic patience and charity she displayed in nursing the sick and dying, and choose one or two examples among the many recorded of this period of her life,

In one of the poorest hospitals of Siena there was a woman called Tecca, covered with a leprosy so hideous that every one fled from her, and the authorities were on the point of sending her to a leper house situated outside the city. But Catharine heard of this and flew to the succour of the unfortunate woman. She offered herself to serve her, and obtained leave for her to remain in the hospital. Twice every day she visited her, and performed all the most menial offices for her with as much care and reverence as if the poor sufferer were her own mother. But all this charity was far from meeting with a fitting return. The sick woman soon began to look upon Catharine's services as a right, and her exactions knew no bounds; moreover, when things were not done to her taste, she would chide and revile the saint in the coarsest language.

This state of things lasted long, for nothing could shake the constancy or slacken the charity of Catharine. But there was one who was watching both the ungrateful conduct of the wretched woman and the unheard-of patience of her saintly attendant, and Lapa, for it was she, could at last contain herself no longer. She peremptorily bade her daughter give over her care of the sick person, telling her that she would herself become a leper if she went on with her thankless task. Catharine, however, managed to appease her mother and to win her consent to her continuing her acts of charity. But the event proved that Lapa's fear was well grounded, for soon the holy hands of the Saint became infected with the leprosy, and it was not until after the death of the sick woman that she was cured from the loathsome disease. God, wishing no doubt to show how precious were her works of charity in His sight, per-

mitted that after washing and laying out the dead woman, and finally placing the body in the grave with her own hands, the scales of leprosy should miraculously fall off them and leave them fairer and clearer than any other part of her person.

In 1374 Siena was visited by the plague, which lasted the first time for four months and then after a short interval returned again. Catharine was the angel of the sick and dying, and several marvellous cures were the outcome of her prayers and labours. She also about this time assisted several criminals in their last moments. Once while in ecstasy she obtained the grace of contrition for two hardened sinners who were being led to execution; and another time she accompanied a condemned man to the scaffold, when she herself received his head on her knees after it had been cut off, and was then shown by God the soul of the purified sinner admitted to eternal happiness. Her power over the demons was wonderfully manifested about this period, and she several times delivered the possessed from their tyranny. The gift of prophecy was also bestowed upon her, as well as a marvellous insight into the state of souls.

CHAPTER V

SHE WORKS FOR THE PEACE OF ITALY

The century in which St. Catharine lived was for Italy fraught with intestine struggles, strifes, and even fierce warfare, between the cities of the peninsula. Siena did not go scatheless, and while, as we saw in the last chapter, the saint was carrying on her mission of charity, a terrible revolution had broken

out within its walls. A form of popular government called of the "Twelve" was at the head of affairs, and nourished a deadly hate against the nobles. These last, with the powerful lords Salimbeni and Tolomei at their head, were plotting secretly to overturn a detested authority. The work of bringing about a reconciliation between these two factions was reserved to the humble daughter of Benincasa. The task was by no means an easy one; belonging by her birth to the people, but having gained the sympathy of the nobility by her charitable services to many of their number, she was properly speaking of no party, her mission being only to save souls, to restore peace in families, and to procure the happiness of her dearly loved native city. What were her weapons for all this? None save her prayers, tears, and penance in secret; and in public, her words, gentle without excluding firmness, and always ringing with the impress of tender charity towards her neighbour. One of her first triumphs was the reconciliation of the Maconi with the Tolomei and Rinaldini, three families of the Sienese nobility. A member of the house of the Maconi, who afterwards became one of her most faithful disciples, relates the story himself, and says how after the saint had been begged to try and bring about peace, she went into an ecstasy, during which members of the three rival families entered unknown to each other into the church where she was praying, and were so struck by seeing rays of divine light escaping from her countenance that they felt all their resentments vanish. As soon as Catharine came to herself they commissioned her to settle the conditions of peace, and all faithfully abode her decision.

No less miraculous was the conversion of Nanni,

a man rich and powerful, but stained with murder, and numerous other crimes. After many entreaties he consented to speak to the saint, and after a short interview with her he burst into tears, and falling on his knees exclaimed, "I am conquered; holy virgin, I will do whatever thou desirest, only take care of my soul and snatch it from the hands of Satan." Catharine, who had again been rapt in ecstasy, now recovering her bodily senses, gently encouraged the penitent man, but ordered him to do penance lest misfortune should overtake him. Nanni obeyed and made a contrite confession. A few days after, however, a great danger threatened him, he was thrown into prison by order of the magistrates and the rumour spread abroad that he had been beheaded. But St. Catharine knew better and reassured her confessor, Blessed Raymund, who had brought her the news. "Do not fear," she said, "God has already mercifully changed his eternal sufferings into passing ones, and after having delivered him from hell, He will not fail to draw him out of this present danger." The event justified her prophecy, and later on, Nanni gave to his benefactress a magnificent villa which he possessed near Siena, and which was eventually changed into a monastery.

These conversions and many other reconciliations increased St. Catharine's reputation for sanctity, and soon she was consulted on all sides by the parties in power. She spoke to all with courageous simplicity, exhorting them to learn to govern themselves in the first place, and then to unite in procuring justice and peace for the rest of their fellow citizens. In short she was for her native place a very angel of peace and good counsel, and her influence was felt among

all ranks. Happy indeed would it have been for her compatriots if they had always as closely followed her advice as they did on some occasions ; for she who was now to set about a much greater enterprise would surely have been capable of restoring complete and lasting peace to the city, had all her desires been faithfully carried out.

The course of our story now at length leads us to the affairs of the Church itself, for whose special aid St. Catharine had doubtless been marked out by God from the first. There had been existing in Italy for a long time an undercurrent secretly at work against the Holy See. The Pope, residing himself at Avignon, had appointed legates as rulers of the Pontifical States, or to represent him in the various republics of the peninsula. These were for the most part foreigners, and as such universally hated. The plague of 1374 had been followed by a terrible famine in Tuscany, and on account of some difficulty in procuring corn from the Papal States for the use of the Florentines, the population, having at their head an ex-captain of the Pope's army, flew to arms and openly defied the authority of the then reigning Pontiff Gregory XI. A sharp struggle ensued ; the populace profaned churches and monasteries, massacred priests, and in their fury flayed alive the Papal Nuncio, and actually buried him before life was extinct. Sixty strong places or fortresses belonging to the Church moreover fell into the hands of the Florentines.

St. Catharine had watched the storm gathering from Pisa, where she was at that time, and when it burst used every effort to keep Pisa, Lucca, and Siena within the bounds of duty. She, moreover, herself wrote two letters to the Holy Father im-

ploring his indulgence, which letters exercised so salutary an influence on the mind of the Pontiff that he sent deputies to Florence bearing propositions of peace. Unhappily an act of treason on the part of the authorities put a stop to these negotiations, and soon affairs were worse than ever. Recognising at last, however, the necessity of submission, the Florentine rulers sent for Catharine and implored her to go herself to Avignon, there to try and make terms of peace. The saint at length consented, and set out for the Papal Court, where she was received by Pope Gregory with the greatest honour. It would be too long to go into all the details of what followed; suffice it to say that after long and strenuous efforts, and being herself once nearly murdered by the Florentines, to whose city she had returned during the course of the negotiations, she had the happiness of seeing peace restored between the reigning Pontiff and the inhabitants of the beautiful though rebellious Florence.

This work, great as it was, was not, as is probably well known to most of our readers, by any means the crowning achievement of St. Catharine. While at Avignon she had spoken to the Holy Father with the greatest openness and courage on the abuses of many kinds which she saw around her, both among pastors and people. More than this, she had vehemently exhorted him to proclaim a new crusade against the infidels, and had seconded the efforts which he made at her entreaty with all her power. She wrote to many princes of Europe, and strove by words of burning eloquence to stir up in their hearts an ardour akin to her own, and there was every appearance of her succeeding, when the premature, and, to human eyes, disastrous death of Gregory, put

a stop to her efforts in this direction. The crusade did not take place, and the reforms she had worked for were delayed, but it was granted to her to see the fulfilment of the third of the great designs with which the love of Holy Church had inspired her. It was permitted to her after long and painful labours to be the means of restoring the Popes to Rome from their exile at Avignon. In 1377, after an absence of the Papal Court for 72 years, Gregory XI. made his solemn entry into his capital, and Rome, so long widowed, seemed delirious with joy at once more welcoming its Pontiff. But she who by her prayers and exhortations to Gregory had been the instrument of this great work was not on that day of public rejoicing to be seen amid the exulting throng. From Genoa, where she had repaired to meet and encourage the Pope on his way to Rome, she had hastened back to her native place, there in the silence of her poor cell to pour out her ardent prayers for the welfare of Christ's Church and for the guidance of His representative on earth. Fain would she have ended her days thus, but it was not long before, in the terrible calamities which again overtook the Church, she was summoned by the Sovereign Pontiff to be his counsellor, and to prove herself the stay and pillar of Christendom in these moments of peril.

Urban VI., who had succeeded Gregory XI. on the throne, was of harsh and unbending character ; and the French cardinals, alienated by his severity, found a pretext for leaving Rome, and proceeding to Fondi in the kingdom of Naples, there elected an anti-pope, whom they proclaimed under the name of Clement VII.

This was the beginning of the great schism which

for seventy years tore the robe of the mystic Bride of the Son of God; and at one time no less than three popes, two, of course, anti-popes, presented their claims to the eyes of the bewildered world. During the thick of these troubles Urban sent for Catharine to come to Rome, and yielding obedience the saint took up her abode in the Holy City. It were vain in these few pages to try and enumerate all the labours she undertook to bring back the erring to their allegiance to the one lawful successor of St. Peter. Firm in her adherence to Urban, her voice was ever raised in his defence. Once even, during a consistory, the Pope sent for her, and ordered her to address the assembled cardinals. She spoke of the appalling evils caused by schism with such inspired truth and courage, that the Pontiff at the end summed up her discourse, and declared that all present, including himself, had been brought to shame by the words of the intrepid virgin. "Our timidity is confounded by her courage," he exclaimed.

St. Catharine had not the happiness of living to see the conclusion of the troubles of the Church, but she foretold their end before she died, and bade her disciples rejoice in the coming triumph of the cause of God. She continued to live on in Rome, where a spiritual family had gathered round her, and the details of her life there, with its records of her states of supernatural prayer, of her miracles and of the divine favours showered upon her, are not among the least remarkable of her marvellous career.

CHAPTER VI

THE CLOSE OF HER LIFE

Though the events which filled St. Catharine's life were so many and so wonderful, yet they were all crowded into a very short space of time, for she had but just completed her thirty-third year when she was called to her heavenly reward.

As has before been said, she led a life of wonderful union and close intercourse with God after she had taken up her abode within the walls of Rome, and one day in the ardour of her soul, she exclaimed, "O Sovereign Clemency, behold my body, I offer it up unto Thee as an anvil on which are to be bruised the sins of the wicked—I offer Thee my life, now, or whenever Thou pleasest."

Our Lord was pleased to take her at her word, and for four months her body was as a target receiving all the shafts of the divine wrath. Once after having, by her prayers and remonstrances with the rebels, quelled an insurrection against the Pope, Our Lord said to her, "Leave this people to their fate, for my justice requires that I should no longer suffer their iniquities." Catharine nevertheless pleaded their cause so earnestly that they were spared, as formerly the ungrateful Israelites at the prayer of Moses, but not with impunity to herself. The powers of hell had leave to torment her virginal body, and in their rabid fury practised such cruelties upon her, that, according to the accounts of eye-witnesses, it would be impossible, without having seen them, to form any idea of their intensity.

More like a phantom than a human being, parched

with thirst, and yet unable to swallow a single drop of water; consumed by an interior fire which scorched her at every breath, St. Catharine never ceased from her wonted activity, and still showed on her face her habitual expression of heavenly joy. During Lent, after a most mysterious visitation from God, her sufferings increased to that degree that her continuance in life was a daily miracle. No longer able to go out in the early morning, Mass was said for her every day in the little chapel attached to her house, and, by the express desire of Our Lord, she also communicated daily. After this, gathering up all her remaining strength, she would force herself to go to St. Peter's to pray for the Church, and it was while thus engaged that she there received the intimation of her approaching end.

During the Lent of this same year, or rather from the third Sunday of that holy season, for eight consecutive weeks she was so consumed by sufferings both interior and exterior, that during all that time she was unable to lift her head. Lying stretched on planks she appeared to be already in her coffin; and it was only when Holy Communion was brought to her that her almost inanimate frame seemed to be kindled again with a breath of life. Once, when Brother Raymund was saying Mass in her chamber, at the moment of Communion, St. Catharine, who had been lying perfectly motionless, suddenly arose, and to the stupefaction of the bystanders, walked unaided to the altar, and then knelt down to receive the Adorable Sacrament. After having communicated, she fell into the ecstasy customary with her on receiving the Body of Our Lord, and when that had ceased, she was found incapable of regaining her bed alone, so that her companions were obliged to carry her to it.

And now the end was close at hand—that death "precious in the sight of the Lord," of which, however, space will only allow us to say a few brief words. Besides the thought of the Church which never left her, St. Catharine's last days were filled with solicitude for her beloved spiritual family who, collected round their mother, were watching in deep sorrow the approach of her last moments. Prayer, obedience, charity to each other, and devotedness to the Church and Sovereign Pontiff, were the themes of her parting instructions to them. Especially did she dwell upon the last point, telling them at the same time that she considered being allowed to die for the Church, as she undoubtedly was doing, the greatest grace that had ever been bestowed upon her. On the Sunday before the Ascension she received Extreme Unction, and afterwards it seemed as if the demons were allowed for the last time to assault her. She was heard denying accusations, and sometimes she appeared to turn disdainfully from an invisible speaker. After which, she repeated no less than sixty times, "I have sinned, Lord, have mercy on me." Before her were placed some relics with a cross in the middle, and fastening her eyes on the holy symbol she made aloud a confession of all the sins of her life. She then begged for absolution and for the plenary indulgence granted to her for her last moments by Gregory XI. and Urban VI. Several times also she asked her mother's blessing, for Lapa, ever faithful, was watching by her beloved daughter. But the poor mother, overwhelmed with grief, replied by begging Catharine to obtain by her prayers that she might not offend God in her sorrow. Then the dying saint prayed aloud for the Pope, the Holy Church, and for all those confided to her care.

Finally she made the sign of the Cross, and having implored the help of the Precious Blood, she uttered the words, "O Blood, O Blood! Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and with a countenance radiant as that of an angel, she bowed her head, like even in her death to the One Supreme Object of her affections. Her precious death took place on the 29th of April, 1380, her thirty-third year being barely completed.

We have been obliged to pass over in silence the accounts of the many and heroic virtues displayed during the last months of her earthly pilgrimage; we have not been able to dwell on her wondrous love of the Blessed Sacrament, her devotion to the Precious Blood, to the Virgin Mother of her Divine Spouse, and to the saints, His friends and imitators. We have not paused to offer to our readers any of the sayings of heavenly wisdom which fell from her lips and were gathered up by her friends and disciples; nor has it been possible to notice the writings which she has left behind her to enrich the Church of God, but if these short pages succeed in giving some idea, however slight, of the virtues and heroism of the Saint of Siena, their purpose will have been fulfilled.

St. Catharine was buried in Rome, as befitted her who had given her life for the Church, and her pure and holy body still rests under the High Altar of the Minerva.

In our own times she has been proclaimed Patroness of the Holy City; and God grant that her still being allowed to rest in its centre may be a pledge that He has not forgotten the needs of the Church in the present day, but that in His own good time He will restore Rome to her lawful Master, and that Master to the position so iniquitously wrested from him.

LITTLE MERRY FACE

AND HIS

CROWN OF CONTENT

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND

I.

At the time when John was King of England, many, many years ago, and the nobles were more powerful than they are now, there lived in Northumberland a baron named William Longsword. This baron had a son, whom he loved passionately, and who was called Eustace. The child's slightest wish was a command; he was never to be contradicted in anything. Such were the baron's orders. Handsome, well formed, graceful, of fair speech and winning manners when he wished to please, Eustace might easily have won the love and respect of those around him. But, alas! in consequence of his father's foolish indulgence, the boy was exacting, ill-tempered and impatient, and frequently unjust both to his servants and friends. But as is often the case with parents, Baron Longsword saw nothing of all this; his great affection for his son blinded him to his faults.

In a short time Eustace grew weary of everything. All games and amusements suitable to boys of his age bored him. He ceased to care for anything; for almost before he had time to think of asking for a thing it was given to him. So it is we never value anything in this world that

we obtain too easily; but when the object we covet is given to us as a reward, or we have to work really hard to possess it, we feel an immense satisfaction when at length it becomes our own. Hence it follows that work is the source of all true happiness.

But Baron Longsword did not think of that; perhaps he was ignorant of the fact. But he soon began to notice that his son was looking bored and miserable. This caused him considerable pain, and he was heard to cry out sadly: "O God! why is my boy so unhappy, when he has everything that he can possibly desire?"

Now, this was precisely what was wrong, although he could not see it. Longsword consulted all his friends—the barons and earls of the neighbourhood. Each one gave his advice, and recommended some fresh amusement for Eustace. But the more they tried to distract and amuse him the more bored he became. He grew melancholy; his health declined; the colour faded from his cheeks; his eyes lost their brilliancy, his step its elasticity.

"Oh," cried the baron, "what would I not give to see my boy restored to health and spirits! How thankful I should be for a word of really good advice!"

But good advice is not a common article even now, and in the days of King John it was more difficult still to obtain. People wagged their heads and said, "I told you so!" when anything went wrong, but they were chary of speaking the truth beforehand. And yet, doubtless, had the baron sought for the advice he required in the right place, had he consulted those who knew and understood the art of bringing up children, he might have received it. But most of Longsword's friends were rough, worldly men, who thought more of drinking and fighting than of the education of little boys. So they only laughed at his cares, and went seldom to the castle, finding its dismal inmates not at all to their taste. Thus the unfortunate baron was left to fret and fume alone, and Eustace faded gradually away.

From the neighbouring castles and manor-houses several children—boys of his own age—had been wont to come to play with Eustace. But he grew tired of them, pushed them about, and maltreated them so much that they declined to

visit him any more, and he was left without a single friend or companion. This lonely life did not improve his temper, and he became more disagreeable and discontented than ever, and was rude to every one, even to his poor devoted father.

A few miles from the castle, in a wild unfrequented part of the country, lived an old woman, who was much revered on account of her sanctity and learning. To her the baron at last repaired, and, in a voice broken with emotion, told her the unhappy state into which his son had fallen, and implored her to tell him what he ought to do in order to restore him to health and happiness. The good woman reflected for a few moments, and then replied: "Cultivate in him a cheerful spirit, and find him a friend,—one whom he can love and cherish sincerely; for, believe me, without affection the heart of man must wither and die."

Baron Longsword thanked her, and, returning to the castle, quickly called together his trusty knights.

"I am anxious to find a friend for my son," he said,—"a friend worthy of his love. Such a one is not to be found here; for he has taken a dislike to all who dwell in this neighbourhood. Therefore, let four of you set out and search everywhere for a boy that you consider suitable. He must be eleven years of age, of noble birth, handsome and well formed, with blue eyes and golden hair; soldierly in his bearing, and his manners must be those of a gentleman."

The knights bowed and withdrew, and before evening closed in they had mounted their horses and ridden away. They travelled day and night, wandering into distant countries, full of anxiety to please their master by finding quickly the companion he required for his son. But it was a difficult task, and after awhile the poor men began to despair of ever meeting with a boy answering the description given them by the baron. They saw many pretty, nay even beautiful, children, but there was something wanting. One was only a peasant's son; another would not leave his home; another had a rough voice, dark hair, or a thick, stumpy figure; and so the poor knights were almost driven to distraction. But still they journeyed on, always hoping

for better luck. Meanwhile Longsword was very unhappy, and Eustace weary and dejected.

Now, quite close to the castle, almost within its grounds, dwelt a poor widow, who earned her living by dressmaking and embroidery. Her little shop was full of all kinds of pretty things that were the source of considerable admiration to the simple villagers. They dearly loved to purchase goods at her counter; for not only were the articles handsome and moderate in price, but she herself was most agreeable. She was so amiable, her voice so sweet, her manners so engaging, that it was a real pleasure to buy from her. Accordingly, the good woman did an excellent business, and was able to live in much comfort. She was free from care and well content with her lot, offering fervent thanks to Almighty God every morning and every night for His great goodness to her.

And yet God had laid upon her shoulders a cross heavy enough for any mother to bear. She had a son, who was precisely the same age as Eustace, but alas! terribly deformed. He had an enormous big head, a hump on his back, great long arms, and short crooked legs. He was a repulsive object, and yet his mother loved him quite as dearly as the baron loved his handsome little Eustace. I have said she loved him as much, but I think you will readily agree with me when I say that she loved him a great deal more,—at least she took a better and a wiser way of showing her affection.

"My child is plain and misshapen," she said to herself; "he is ugly to look at. But, please God, I will train him well, and cultivate all the good qualities of his mind and heart. If he is truthful, unselfish, kindly, and sweet-tempered, people will forget his deformity and learn to love him."

And before long she found that she had not been mistaken. Her good example, loving admonitions, and strict rule of life, succeeded so well that the little hunchback grew up a very delightful child—intelligent, amiable, and sweet-tempered. He was like a ray of sunshine both at home and abroad. Every one in the neighbourhood loved him, and he was generally known by the name of "Little

Merry Face." And so, as we may well suppose, the boy was the cause of a great deal of happiness to his hard-working mother. He was the joy and comfort of her life; and so proud was she of him that it never entered her head to be jealous of her neighbours, who had straight, comely children. And as she saw the sickly, discontented Eustace pass by in his carriage every day, she felt full of pity for the poor unfortunate baron, who, rich and powerful as he was, could not make his son healthy and happy like her little Merry Face.

II.

And now a curious thing happened, whilst Longsword's knights wandered here and there, looking for the wonderful child who was to be the young master's friend. One lovely day in August, Eustace rode slowly home past the dress-maker's shop. He was mounted upon a handsome horse, richly caparisoned, and followed by two knights in armour. He was beautifully dressed in velvet and lace, and his golden hair fell from under his broad hat, with its waving feathers, in long ringlets to his waist. His face was white and sad, his cheeks thin, and his weary eyes were half closed as he left the road and turned into his father's finely timbered park. Nothing interested him as he went along. He did not notice the pretty flowers in the grass, nor did he hear the little lark as it trilled forth its glad song up in the blue sky, high above his head. He allowed the reins to hang loosely on his horse's neck, and did not seem to care where or how he went.

But suddenly, from under the trees, a young donkey came frisking out, and, turning round, began to kick up his heels just under the horse's nose. Startled by this unexpected attack, the horse reared, and then, springing to one side, nearly sent his rider flying out of the saddle. Eustace was furious; his eyes flashed angrily, his pale cheeks grew crimson, and, grasping his whip tightly, he slashed out wildly at the donkey. But the wicked little animal was not so easily caught; from the corner of his eye he saw the whip descending, so he bent his head, kicked up his heels again, and was off like the wind.

More enraged than ever, Eustace called out for the owner of the donkey. He was led up by the two knights, trembling in every limb, and was hardly able to stammer out that he was very sorry ; that the ass had escaped from him quite by accident, and that he had done his best to catch him, but had failed. This explanation would have satisfied most children, but Eustace was not so easily pacified ; he gave orders that the young man, who was a servant in his father's stables, should be loaded with chains and flung into one of the darkest dungeons under the castle.

They tied the unhappy lad's hands behind his back, and were about to drag him away when a cry for mercy was heard, and a little lad rushed forward and flung himself on his knees before Eustace. It was the deformed boy, Merry Face. He knew the young man,—knew that he had a poor old father dependent on him for support, and he could not bear to think of his being thrown into a cold, dark prison. So, in spite of the danger he ran of angering his tyrannical little master, and getting punished himself, he determined to implore forgiveness for the unfortunate youth.

"Master Eustace," he exclaimed, "I beg—I beseech you, in the name of God—for the love of our dear Lord Jesus Christ, who forgave His enemies and told us to do good to those who do us evil, have pity on this poor young man ! He did not wish—he had no intention of hurting or alarming you. Forgive him, I pray you ! Let him go, I entreat !"

The child spoke with much feeling ; his voice was sweet and melodious, and those around were deeply touched. They were sorry for their little favourite and were moved to tears at his generous self-sacrifice ; for they fully expected to see him also hurried off to the gloomy prison-house. But, to their surprise, Eustace looked down at him without anger, —in fact, the expression of his eyes was kindly and reassuring. The boy's appearance interested him ; his deformity filled him with pity ; whilst the pleading, tender accents fell softly on his ear, touching chords that had long lain unknown and neglected in his heart. For some moments he gazed at him in silence, as though not knowing what sort of reply

to make. But Merry Face still knelt on, his hands clasped together in earnest supplication.

"Oh," he cried, "would that I had treasures in gold and silver to lay at your feet, and so buy from you this poor man's pardon! But, alas, I have nothing. I am only a little hunchback, son of a poor dressmaker. What, then, can I do? What can I say?"

"You have said enough," replied Eustace; and, to the surprise of all present, he smiled. "I forgive this man. He may go free. But you must give me something, I care not what it is,—something of your own."

Then Merry Face sprang to his feet, his eyes radiant with happiness, his mouth wreathed in smiles, and, without saying a word, ran off to his mother's shop. At the door stood the poor woman, wringing her hands in anguish as she thought of what her child's fate might be if he were to anger the baron's son. But Merry Face reassured her with a glance as he dashed past, in silence, into the house. Presently he reappeared, and, running breathlessly up to Eustace, placed a small parcel in his hand.

"My Lord Eustace, here is the only treasure that I ever possessed. Take it and wear it—sometimes."

Eustace gazed at the bright, winning face. Something in its expression fascinated him.

"What is it?" he asked, smiling again.

"My 'crown of content.'"

This time Eustace laughed loudly.

"A crown? My faith, I had no idea thou wert a king, sirrah!"

"No," was the reply; "I have no wish to be a king, my lord. But that cap that I have given you my mother calls my crown of content. When I was inclined to give way to low spirits or to grumble, she always made me put it on and say, 'My God, make me content with my lot!' And I assure you it never failed to do me good."

"A pretty notion and an original one, truly," said Eustace, and, drawing the little velvet cap from the paper in which it was wrapped, he examined it closely. It was prettily, even daintily, made, and was richly worked in silks of various hues. The words, "Sweet content be in my heart,"

encircled by a wreath of forget-me-nots, were embroidered upon the band.

"My mother made that cap expressly for me," said Merry Face. "And because of the great affection that prompted her to do so, I love it dearly. It is more precious to me than anything else in the world. But I give it to you willingly, my Lord Eustace, because you have forgiven my friend."

The boy's manner and words pleased Eustace immensely. Such language was strange to him, such conduct altogether new. He turned the cap round and round without a remark, took off his own hat, with its large drooping plumes, and, throwing it to one of his servants, placed the little crown upon his head, whilst he murmured in a low voice: "My God, make me content with my lot!"

And then a wonderful change took place in Eustace. He grew bright and animated; he felt energetic and lively; and he looked round the park, thinking how beautiful it was, and how pleasant was the air and the sunshine. He waved his whip and told the knights to send their prisoner back to his work; and then, turning to Merry Face, he shook him warmly by the hand.

The knights and others who witnessed the scene were profoundly astonished; and as their young master dismounted, and, throwing his arms round Merry Face, led him away towards the castle, they gazed after him in speechless bewilderment. But Eustace heeded them not. They had never amused him or made him feel happy. Merry Face had done both, and he felt that he loved him.

With his hand tightly clasping that of the little hunchback, Eustace went straight to the baron.

"Father," he said, "I have found the friend I want. With Merry Face as my companion I shall always be well and happy."

And Eustace was right. From that moment he and Merry Face became fast friends. They were always to be seen together,—sometimes in the castle, sometimes in the dressmaker's shop, and very frequently walking or driving round the estate. Merry Face was always so sweet-tempered and

kind that Eustace was glad to take his advice about everything, and soon became almost as merry and amiable as his little companion. And when he felt in danger of relapsing once more into his old discontented ways, he would run for the velvet cap, and, putting it on, murmur softly: "O my God, make me content with my lot!"

Before long Merry Face persuaded Eustace to visit the houses of the poor, and help those who were ill or in want. Old and young were happy to see him, and showered blessings upon him and their old favourite, the kind-hearted little hunchback.

"What a fool I have been all these years, my dear Merry Face!" he would constantly exclaim. "Wasting my time, and feeling bored and discontented, when I might have done so much and been so happy."

And as for Baron Longsword, you may easily imagine how pleased he was to see his dear son grow strong and happy. The change delighted him and filled him with joy.

And all this time, as you know, the four knights were wandering far and wide, through all the countries of Europe. Poor men! in vain they searched: they could not find the child they wanted. They were worn out and weary, and at last, afraid they must die of fatigue, they resolved to return to the castle. They entered stealthily, and approached the baron in fear and trembling. They were both grieved and ashamed at the failure of their mission. To their surprise, Longsword gave them a hearty welcome.

"I am very glad to see you once more alive!" he cried; "for I knew not what might have happened to you. Your errand was a useless one; for here, at our very gates, we have found the child we wanted,—a boy deserving in every way of my son's friendship. Ah, here he is."

At this moment Merry Face and Eustace entered the room hand in hand, and the knights could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw that the friend chosen by their young master was not the handsome boy they had been sent to look for, but a little hunchback, the son of a dressmaker.

The baron noticed their astonishment.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that a sweet temper, a contented mind, and a kind heart, were the first and most important things to look for in a child; that such qualities in a friend were invaluable, and came far before any beauty of form or face. I must confess I hardly knew such was the case myself, but I have learned it lately; for all our present happiness—my son's restoration to good health and spirits —has come through this little hunchback, our dear Merry Face and his crown of content."

ELLA'S SACRIFICE

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND

I.

Benediction was over. The air was still heavy with incense, but the candles had been extinguished upon the altar, and the congregation was dispersing fast.

Within the Lady Chapel, her hands tightly clasped, her eyes, heavy with tears, raised in loving supplication toward the Virgin Mother, knelt Ella Morris. "In the midst of life we are in death." Such had been the text of the preacher; and to Ella, who in all her young life had hardly known a day's illness or an hour's pain, these words suddenly came as a word of warning. Death! She shuddered. How terrible to die—to leave the world and all its enjoyments and pleasures, young! And yet this was what it meant. "In the midst of life we are in death."

Ella bowed her head and prayed fervently. If it were God's will that she should live, she asked that she might be able to lead a holy, useful life; if she were to die soon, in her youth, when everything was bright and full of hope, that this awful, terrible fear might be allowed to pass from her heart, and that she might receive grace to enable her to submit with resignation to her fate. And presently a great peace came upon her. Our Lady seemed to smile reassuringly upon her, and she soon felt certain that, come what might, she would never be tried beyond her strength. So, drying her tears, she rose from her knees and passed quickly from the church.

On the steps sat a little girl of some ten years of age,

wretchedly clad in a thin, scanty frock, an apron tattered and torn, and an old battered bonnet. Her face was pinched with cold, her hands were chapped and bleeding, and her teeth literally chattered in her head as she looked up imploringly at Ella.

"For God's sake give me something, Miss! My mother is dying, and we are all so hungry!"

The young girl paused and looked attentively at the child.

"Who is your mother?"

"Mrs. Glinn. Father was a 'Punch-an'-Judy' man, but he's dead. Mother went round till she got ill, an' Bill an me is too small for the perfession."

"Are you Catholics?"

"No; father was, but mother's nothin'—leastways she never goes to church. She's too ill to go anywhere now."

"Where do you live?"

"Just round the corner"—pointing over her shoulder,—"in Bright Street."

"Bridget," said Ella, turning to a good-natured looking elderly woman, an old servant who always accompanied her when she went out without her mother or sister, "I should like to buy some food and take it to this woman and her children. What do you say?"

"Just as you please, Miss. It is not very late. But we must not delay too long: I have work to do at home."

Ella smiled, and looked gratefully at Bridget.

"You are a good soul: I will not keep you very long. First we must buy some bread. Come, child."

"My name is Kitty."

"Well, Kitty, you must now show us the way to your home. But come in here."

And she led the way into a baker's shop, where she bought a loaf and some fresh buns. Kitty's eyes glistened, and when Ella handed her one for herself she seized it and ate it voraciously.

"Poor child! It is hard to realize that any one could be so hungry," thought Ella. "How little we happy girls, in our own comfortable homes, think of the miserable lives that are being led so near us!"

Then Ella purchased some butter, a little tea and sugar, and a jug of milk, which she handed to Bridget to carry.

"That is all I can do. My purse is quite empty," she said. "So now, Kitty, you may lead us to your house."

With a light foot Kitty tripped along before them, and at a short distance turned down a very narrow alley, and, entering a low doorway, said to her companions:

"There is not much light, so just feel as you come up." And she led the way up a dark staircase.

When they came to the third flight Bridget paused. She was out of breath.

"Is this the place?" she asked, as a door opened and a small boy peeped out, staring with big, wondering eyes at the visitors.

"No," answered Kitty; "that's the Flanagans'. We are higher up."

So on they toiled up to the very top room. Ella tapped at the door, and a little shrill voice within said:

"We are locked in. Kitty has the key."

Kitty smiled, and drew a large heavy key from the bosom of her frock.

"I must lock them in," she explained, "or they'd be under the horses' feet. It's easier for mother when she knows they can't go out." Then she opened the door, and asked the two ladies to come in.

Ella could not repress a shudder of disgust as she entered the room and looked round. The atmosphere was close, and the air heavy with sickly smells. It was a miserable place, with a sloping ceiling and scarcely any furniture. On a bed in the corner lay a thin, emaciated figure, hollow-eyed and wasted. A boy of eight was nursing a baby of twelve months, whilst a mite of five or six sat playing with some pieces of broken china on the floor. There was no fire in the grate, though the weather was cold, so the children had wrapped themselves in some old shawls and mufflers. But their poor frocks and other clothing were threadbare and full of holes, and their little noses looked red and pinched as they turned round curiously to stare at the strangers.

"This kind lady has brought us some bread," Kitty whispered to Bill, as she took the baby from his arms in

a motherly kind of way. "Sit down an' she'll give you some."

With tears in her eyes, Ella approached the poor woman on the bed, and, bending over her, asked how she felt.

"Weak and dying," was the reply in a feeble, weary voice. "I bore up as long as I could, but I can do no more."

"You want food, I think," said the young girl, gently; and, raising the woman's head, she fed her with some bread and milk that Bridget had made ready in a cup.

"God bless you! You are an angel!" the poor creature cried, as her eyes rested on her children, seated at the table, eating the bread and buns that Ella had set before them. "I shall die happy now: they have found a friend."

"No, no," replied Ella; "you must not die. You must get well. With good food and a little care your strength will soon return. We will look after you now."

But as the girl walked home through the streets, her sweet face was grave, and there was a look of anxiety and sorrow in her eyes.

"If I only had a little money, Bridget—even a few pounds,—I might really help that poor family," she said, sadly. "But I am in a poverty-stricken condition just now. That was the last penny of my allowance I spent upon that bread. I don't know what to do. I must talk to Sister Imelda to-morrow."

II.

As Ella entered her mother's pretty morning-room, her sister Laura ran to meet her.

"Such a delightful surprise as I have in store for you, Ella!" she cried. "Such a delicious piece of news!"

Ella smiled, and looked with much amusement at her sister's dancing eyes and glowing cheeks.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, gently.

"The Goldfinches are to give a ball next month, and——" Ella's face fell.

"Oh! is that all?"

"No. But you need not look as if you did not care," said Laura, with something like a pout. "You know their balls are more enjoyable than any we go to."

"Yes, that is true. But still——"

"Well, perhaps you'll be pleased to hear that Aunt Constance called this morning and left us ten pounds each, so that we may get knew dresses."

"Oh really! Is it possible?" Ella sank into a chair and looked incredulously at Laura. "Ten pounds to do just what we like with?"

"She said we were to buy new dresses, but I suppose we might do something else with the money if we liked. However, there can hardly be two opinions about the matter. Our frocks are shabby, and we have spent all our quarter's allowance. So, of course, there is only one thing to do with it. I shall get a sweet dress—pure white; a satin slip covered with layers of white soft, fluffy tulle; a *moire* body; sprays of lilies of the valley upon the skirt, and prettily mixed in, amongst the folds round the neck. What will you get?"

But Ella's thoughts were far away. She had heard nothing of Laura's glowing description or question, and so she made no reply.

"How strange you are! You look as if you had seen a ghost!" cried Laura, impatiently. "I never saw you like this before. However, I will not interfere with your meditations." And she flounced out of the room.

A little later Mrs. Morris came in, and was surprised to find her youngest daughter sitting there alone, wearing her hat and jacket.

"Why, my darling, how late you are! You will not be in time for dinner. Run away now and get ready."

Ella raised her brown eyes, full of deep feeling, to her mother's face.

"Mother, advise me. Aunt Constance has given us ten pounds each for a new ball-dress. May I—am I—at liberty to use it as I please?"

"Certainly. But," smiling, "to what mysterious purpose do you propose to put it?"

"I have no secrets from you, mother. I wish to help—to

save a poor woman and her three small children." And she told the story of Kitty and her family.

"It is a good object, dear; and we must consider what can be done for these poor people. But I don't think you are called upon to sacrifice your ten pounds."

"But I may do as I please?"

"Yes, Ella; but you must be careful. It is not wise to give money indiscriminately to the poor. And I want my daughter to look nice at this ball. It will be a very smart affair, and——"

Ella put her arms round her mother's neck and pressed her lips to hers.

"Do not say any more, dearie. Something urges me to give this up. I have a strong reason for wishing to make this sacrifice. I would like a new dress very much, but I am more anxious to help this poor family."

"I do not like to oppose you, Ella," said Mrs. Morris, sighing. "But we'll talk over it again. Go now and get ready for dinner."

At the next consultation Ella gained her point. Mrs. Morris could not take it upon herself to forbid her daughter's making this sacrifice for the good of the poor. It was a generous, a noble act of self-denial on the girl's part, and she felt bound to allow her to do as she pleased. She and her husband were wealthy people, and she would gladly have allowed Ella to use her aunt's gift as she chose, and have supplied her with a pretty, fresh ball-dress out of her own pocket. But this Mr. Morris would not permit. He gave his daughters a yearly allowance, sufficient in his eyes to cover all their wants, whether of dress or pocket-money. How or when they spent their eighty pounds, which were paid punctually, in quarterly instalments, he never inquired, but beyond that sum he would not go; and his wife was under strict orders never to make up deficiencies, or help them to make expensive purchases. Presents from aunts or uncles he could not, of course, prohibit, but he discouraged them; and so, although the girls had many rich, indulgent friends, such gifts were rare. In an ordinary way, Ella and her sister had as much money as they required. Laura, it is true, was frequently in debt, and

squandered more than was necessary on ribbons and gloves; but Ella was tolerably careful, and seldom exceeded her allowance. She was a kind-hearted, gentle girl, beloved by all that knew her, and a favourite in society, where her golden hair, brown eyes, and graceful figure were much admired.

And in her beautiful home, surrounded by every luxury, blest with the affection of a kind father, an indulgent mother, and a loving sister, Ella led a happy, innocent life. She had been well and carefully brought up, and in the midst of gaiety and pleasure could not be said to neglect the practice of her religion; for she was constant in her attendance at Mass, and went regularly to confession and Holy Communion. But here, like so many girls of her station, her duties seemed to end. Her days were spent lightly,—in visiting her friends, shopping, chatting, and gossiping. Her evenings were spent at the theatre, in the ball-room, or listlessly reading the latest novel. Work had no part in her existence. There was nothing for her to do. Her mother's house was well ordered and carefully regulated. There was a well-drilled staff of servants, and the young ladies took no part in the housekeeping.

So Ella amused herself as she could, not feeling bound to go forth in search of occupation. But suddenly, upon the evening that our story begins, as she sat before the altar and listened to the words, "In the midst of life we are in death," the scales seemed to drop from her eyes, and she realized for the first time what a useless, selfish life she was living. "If death were to come to me now," she asked herself, "what have I to offer at the throne of God? What have I ever done for Him who suffered and died upon the Cross that I might enter the kingdom of heaven? Nothing! alas, nothing!" "And," continued the preacher, "Thomas à Kempis says, 'Many die suddenly and unprovidedly; for the Son of Man will come at the hour when He is not looked for.'" Ella shivered at the thought, and there and then she offered her life, her mind, her heart to God, resolving from this hour to work in some way for Him, and to change, as far as possible, her frivolous, useless mode of existence.

III.

Ella's days were now busy indeed. She bought a supply of flannel, calico, and serge, and, with Bridget's help, cut out frocks and petticoats for the little Glinns, which, by dint of constant work and industry, she managed to get finished in a wonderfully short space of time. Laura looked on for a while, much amused at her sister's sudden passion for sewing; then, seeing how thoroughly in earnest she was, and how much there was to be done, she too produced her thimble, and began graciously to lend her aid.

Mrs. Glinn had been sent away to a convalescent home by the sea, where she was slowly regaining her health and strength; and the doctors said that in a few months she would be well enough to go back to her family. Kitty was placed in the orphan asylum belonging to the Sisters of Charity, Ella providing her with a suitable outfit. The baby and her five-year-old sister were admitted to the *crèche*; and Bill was sent to lodge with some respectable people, who, for the payment of a small weekly sum, were willing to keep him until his mother was able to return and look after him. The rent, which was many weeks in arrears, was paid up. And when all this had been done, and comfortable underclothing, a respectable dress, bonnet, and shawl provided for Mrs. Glinn, little remained of Aunt Constance's ten pounds.

In thus providing for the wants of this poor family, Ella was very happy. For the first time in her life she had done something that was really good and meritorious, and her joy was indeed great. By denying herself, and sacrificing the natural desire of a young girl, innocent and harmless in itself, to appear well and freshly dressed at the ball, where she was sure to meet so many friends, she had accomplished very much. Not only had she the happiness of seeing the little ones grow bright and rosy,—thanks to their warm clothing and good food,—not only was she able to rejoice that the poor delicate mother would one day recover her health and strength, but she had the consolation of knowing that, through her, owing to her act of self-denial, these children would be rescued from a life of ignorance and

perhaps of sin, and taught to know their Creator. For, thanks to Ella and her charitable exertions, this little family was about to be received into the Church. Mrs. Glinn was anxious that her children should be brought up in their father's religion, and expressed a strong desire that she might be allowed to become a Catholic herself.

So the time passed. And so fully occupied was Ella that she thought little about the Goldfinches' ball, or the preparations for it. However, when the night arrived, she put on the prettiest dress her wardrobe contained—a black tulle,—with a few crimson roses at her breast, and tripped downstairs, a smile on her lips, a look of peace and joy in her dark eyes.

In the drawing-room stood Laura, radiant in white satin, pearls, and lilies of the valley. She looked very pretty and graceful, and as Ella entered the room, she exclaimed, admiringly:

"How lovely! My dear Laura, that is the sweetest frock I ever saw!"

"I hope you are green with jealousy, my poor Cinderella!" said Laura laughing. "You ought to be!—perfectly green!"

Ella kissed her and arranged a bow on her shoulder.

"No, dear, I don't think I am. I am glad to see you looking so nice. Aunt Constance will have one niece to be proud of."

"You should have had a dress just the same, Ella," said her mother, mournfully. "I don't like to see you in black."

"Now, mother, you must not grumble, dear," replied the girl, putting her arm round her. "I am not exactly shabby, you know; and I feel so happy."

"No, you are not shabby, darling; and," reluctantly, "you look very sweet."

"Then," laughing and blushing, "what more do you want?"

"Ella, Aunt Constance is waiting!" cried Laura. "Good-night, mother!" And she fluttered away.

"My darling, I hope you will enjoy yourself," said Mrs. Morris, kissing Ella tenderly. "You have worked very hard lately, and deserve a pleasant evening."

Ella laughed, and pressed her cheek lovingly against her mother's.

"Oh, you dear, tender-hearted mother! I have done very, very little. But, please God, I'll do more before I die."

"Ella! Ella!" cried her father. "Do be quick! Your aunt grows impatient."

"Coming, papa!" And, giving her mother one long, lingering kiss, Ella said "Good-night!" and hurried downstairs.

"That child looks beautiful, to-night," said Mr. Morris, as he came back from putting his daughters into the carriage with their Aunt Constance, who was to be their chaperon at the ball. "I never saw her look so well."

"Yes," sighed his wife. "And poor Ella should have been dressed like her."

"It is Ella I mean," he answered, in surprise. "But I was not thinking of her dress. It does not matter much what she wears. Laura is a pretty, frivolous little worldling, and requires to be well set off. But Ella—there is a look in that child's face that is beautiful to gaze upon. It is easy to imagine that 'the peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding,' has taken possession of her heart. God bless her!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Earl and her two pretty nieces arrived at the Goldfinches', and made their way up a crowded staircase into the ball-room. Having said "Good-evening!" to their hostess, they passed on, and were soon surrounded by a bevy of young men, all eager to claim the girls for a dance before their cards became filled up.

"How beautiful the rooms are!" said Laura, as she paused at the end of a dance, and looked round upon the brilliant scene. "Those fairy lights in the grate and on the hearth amongst the flowers and ferns are too lovely!"

"They are pretty, certainly," replied her partner. "But I do not like them in such a position. They are dangerous in the extreme. I wish I could get them removed at once. See how the dresses brush over them continually. If one of those glass tops should be knocked off, the result might be horrible."

"Oh, do not suggest such a thing! I can fancy how a tulle dress would blaze. But pray put such things out of your mind."

"I will endeavour, then, to think and speak of things cheerful only. Who is that beautiful young lady in black?"

"My sister. But she is not looking her best to-night. Just fancy, she gave away all our aunt sent her for a new dress, and had to come in that dowdy old black, that she has worn numbers of times, instead of having a pretty white one like mine!"

"Why did she give away the money?"

"Oh, because she found some poor children and their sick mother, whom she wanted to help. It was good of her, of course; but rather quixotic."

"Very," answered the young man, his eyes following Ella as she moved gracefully round the room. "Might I ask for an introduction? I should like to do something to help her in providing for these children, if she would allow me."

Laura laughed merrily.

"What a pity she did not meet you sooner, Mr. Dew! She might have had her new dress, and provided for the Glinns out of your pocket."

"That would have given me great pleasure. But I fancy the loss of a pretty dress does not trouble her much."

"Not in the slightest. That is just what annoys me. Now that she has got on to this charitable tack, she'll never be fit to look at. All her allowance will go to the poor."

"How very good of her! But I wish she would keep at a safe distance from those lights. See," speaking excitedly, "her dress is on them! It is only tulle, and would burn like paper. Come, let us warn her."

And he swept Laura through the crowd toward Ella, who, all unconscious of observation, stood in front of the prettily decorated fireplace, talking gaily to her partner.

The band struck up a fresh waltz; couples poured in again from the landings and stairs; the crowd became very great, and as Laura and Mr. Dew made their way across the room they were jostled and pushed about in a most uncomfortable manner. Suddenly, Laura felt she could go no farther. The crowd pressed heavily against her; it was impossible to advance another step.

"What is wrong?" she asked. "Why are the people all coming?"

And then, above the music, the buzz of conversation, and the noise of dancing feet, a sound was heard that filled her with horror and seemed to curdle the blood within her veins. It was a cry, a wild shriek for help—and the voice was Ella's.

"My God! I knew it would happen! The very thing I dreaded has come to pass." And he left Laura's side and pushed quickly in amongst the dancers. "Keep back! Let no one in a thin dress approach! For God's sake keep back!"

It was scarcely necessary to repeat his words. The music stopped abruptly. The panic-stricken dancers fled precipitately out of the ball-room. And Ella was seen standing in a sheet of flames, her eyes dilated with terror, her sweet face ghastly in its whiteness and agony.

Mr. Dew looked round in despair. The room was empty; the floor bare and polished; not a rug, not a vestige of anything to wrap round the poor girl, who was being slowly burned to death before his eyes. "Lie down," he whispered, hoarsely. "Roll upon the floor. That is the best thing to do."

Mrs. Goldfinch and Mrs. Earl ran in from the refreshment room as soon as the dread tidings reached them. But they were utterly useless; their presence of mind had deserted them, and they gazed at her in horror, wringing their hands, lamenting and weeping.

"Lie down,—for God's sake throw yourself upon the floor!" urged Mr. Dew.

But the girl did not seem to hear him, and stood with outstretched hands, clasped together in silent agony, like a martyr at the stake.

"My God, this is terrible! What can I do? Ah!" cried Mr. Dew. And seizing one of the heavy tapestry curtains, he made a violent effort, dragged it down from the window, and, flinging it round the unhappy girl, succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

"Ella darling, speak to me!" cried Laura, bending over her sister, who now lay unconscious on the ground. "O Auntie, she is dead!—my poor darling is dead!"

"I hope—I trust not. She is—in a swoon," Mr. Dew replied, in a voice full of emotion. "Mrs. Earl, we must take her out of this."

"Yes. Bring her to my room," said Mrs. Goldfinch, with streaming eyes.

"Yes. It would be impossible to take her home." And, raising her gently in his arms, he carried her up the broad stair, and laid her upon a bed that had been hurriedly prepared for her. Then he went away to meet the doctor.

. . . . . .

"The shock to her system has been very great. I fear she cannot recover," said the doctor, with emotion, as the unhappy mother implored him to tell her what he thought of her darling. "She has been severely burned, and the pain is considerable. To a strong person these burns might not prove fatal; but to one of her delicate organization, I fear—we cannot hope."

Mrs. Morris bowed her head. "God's will be done! I will try to be resigned." And she flung herself upon her knees by her daughter's bedside.

That night, and all through the following day, Ella lay in feverish agony, tossing from side to side, and moaning piteously. She appeared unconscious to everything but the maddening pain that consumed her, and her cries of anguish were terrible to hear. Then, suddenly, she grew calmer. Toward evening she opened her eyes and looked around. Seeing she was conscious, Mrs. Morris sent for the child's confessor, and she was able to make her confession and receive all the last rites of the Church.

"Thank God!" she whispered, some moments later. "Now I can die gladly. All my fear is gone."

And then she fell into a stupor, and they thought that gentle voice would never be heard again.

"She is sinking fast," said the doctor; "she cannot live through the night."

But shortly after twelve o'clock she rallied, and putting out her hand, laid it lovingly upon her mother's bowed head.

"In the midst of life—we are in death!" she whispered in a voice so low that those near could scarcely catch the words. "How true—how true! Laura—do not forget! Work—dearest,—live for God. Take care—of Kitty and Polly and—Bill and baby. Mother, be good to Mrs. Glinn."

"My darling, yes!" sobbed Mrs. Morris. "She shall be my special charge."

"And the children mine," said Laura, weeping without restraint. "Ella, I will try to do—all I can—to—be good. I have been frivolous—and useless—I know,—but I will change my life."

A faint smile flitted over the poor face, that was drawn and haggard with pain.

"I am—so glad! Papa—you—will pay for Kitty for my sake?"

Mr. Morris kissed her tenderly.

"Yes, love,—yes!"

"That—is—well. Pray now."

And as her mother, in a voice broken with sobs, began the litany, the girl closed her eyes and fell into a quiet sleep. All through the night they watched beside her, and as morning dawned the colour of her face became more ashen, the sweet mouth twitched nervously, the brown eyes opened wide, then the heavy lids fell once more upon the pallid cheek. She gave a deep, long-drawn sigh; murmured softly: "Jesus—Mary!" Then all was still. Ella's pure spirit had gone before its Maker.

In the beautiful cemetery at B—— is a grave, with a simple cross of purest white marble standing at its head; and a level slab, carved in *alto-relievo*, has the following inscription:

ELLA MORRIS

AGED 19.

R.I.P.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

LITTLE LARRY

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND

On the first of October 1874 the barge *Tilbury* proceeded slowly up the Regent's Canal. The cargo consisted of five tons of gunpowder in barrels; whilst three men and a small boy called Larry Egan were the only persons on board.

The barge was heavy, and it scarcely appeared to move, so quietly did it cut its way through the waters. The men were surly, uncouth-looking fellows, and as they sat smoking and drinking, their language was coarse and brutal.

"I wish they wouldn't speak like that," thought Larry; and he withdrew as far as possible from his companions.

From his pocket he stealthily produced a book, and hiding well behind a big sack of coal, he began to read. Larry was twelve years old. He had a thin, pinched little face, that looked all eyes, so abnormally large had these features grown, owing to bad food and ill-health. Larry was the son of a widow and the eldest of a family of six, and he felt proud and delighted when he was able to earn a few shillings a week, and so help his poor mother. His money paid the rent; and amongst the little brothers and sisters at home Larry was looked upon as a very important personage. But on board the *Tilbury* he was of no consequence. He was kicked and cuffed, and made to do dirty work. He had to wash the deck, and cook the men's food, without a word of thanks, and frequently received severe scoldings if he failed to please his brutal masters. But the boy bore their unkindness with much patience. He was naturally sweet-tempered and obliging, and tried his best to do everything to please them.

On Sundays, when Larry was free from his work upon the barge, he used to steal away to the Catechism class in the church of Our Lady of Mercy, which was close to where his mother lodged. Here the boy listened eagerly to the instructions, and so pleased was the priest with his answers and general demeanour that he allowed him to join a special class, in preparation for his first Communion. This delighted Larry, and he set himself earnestly to work.

During the week he had no time to go to Mass or visit the Blessed Sacrament; but constantly as he swept the deck he would recite some little prayer that he had learned by heart. Then he would sing the hymn of the "Holy Name," or "Hail Queen of heaven," and when his work was over he would seek a secluded corner, and drawing a small edition of the *Imitation of Christ* from his pocket, read a chapter or two, according as time permitted.

On the day on which our story begins, Larry had been severely knocked about. John Smith, a big, burly man with a coarse red face, and a pair of small cunning eyes, had sent him off early in the day to buy him some gin, and because the lad had been longer than he thought he should be in coming back, he had cuffed him most unmercifully.

Larry wept and sobbed, imploring the other men to take his part; but they only laughed, and when Smith kicked him out of his way, they said he was a good-for-nothing, and they would send him about his business if he did not do his work better and more quickly. This frightened Larry, and he dried his eyes, and fell to scrubbing vigorously. His mother was ill. If his money did not come in, what would become of her? And when at last he was able to creep away to his book he was weary and tired. His poor little bones ached, and as he began to read, tears dropped upon the page and obscured his sight.

"Take up thy cross, and follow Jesus." "To suffer, therefore, is what awaits thee, if thou art resolved to love Jesus, and constantly to serve Him."

Larry paused; then read the words again.

"That is what I want to do," he said. "To love and serve our Lord—that is just what I am determined to do. To suffer—well—when I am knocked about——"

"Halloa—you lazy varmint, wot do yer mean sittin' down there when we want the water biled for our tea?" shouted Smith, and lurching forward, for the gin had done its work and the unfortunate man was unsteady in his gait, he glared at Larry with bloodshot, angry eyes.

"I did not know you wanted me," answered the boy gently. "I was reading——"

"Readin'!" (scornfully) "I'll teach you to read." And making a dive at the book, he wrenched it from Larry's hand, and flung it away.

"Ha, ha! my fine scholar! I'll show yer 'ow to read. There, go into the water after that 'ere precious book of yourn, if yer likes;" and he staggered back to the other end of the barge.

Larry was overcome with grief. He could not live without his book, he told himself with a sob. It was his one comfort—his only consolation—and flinging himself on the deck he wept aloud.

"Now, then, youngster, bile the water or you'll go after the book."

"Take up thy cross." Larry rose resolutely. He would bear his trouble manfully. He would suffer patiently. As he lifted his head, his eyes fell on the little boat that was tied to the end of the barge. It danced merrily on the top of the water, for it was small and light.

"If I might jump in there, perhaps I could fish up my poor book with a boat-hook," he sighed. "But they would never let me."

Then, suddenly, he gave a cry. His little face flushed; his eyes danced with joy. For there in the punt, under one of the seats, lay his book, quite safe, without a drop of water near to injure either binding or leaves.

"I dare not fetch it now. But I'll find an opportunity." And full of hope he hurried below.

Early next morning, before the dawn of day, the boy rose from his bunk, and stealing noiselessly up on deck, crept along towards the boat, wherein lay his precious book.

Smith was curled up in a corner, a pipe in his mouth, but fast asleep. He was supposed to be on guard—watching for danger on every side of the canal.

Making the sign of the Cross, and whispering a little prayer, Larry stooped, caught hold of the rope, and drew the boat close to the barge, then, as quietly as possible, dropped down the side into the punt.

But suddenly, to his consternation, the rope gave way, snapt right in two, and he found himself cut off from the barge, and floating away in the opposite direction. He was terrified. What was to be done? If he screamed and called to the men they would only laugh and jeer him. Or they would say he was trying to steal the boat, and he would surely be dismissed from his place by the owners of the barge, and perhaps sent to prison. The poor child was beside himself with terror. He looked wildly from one side to the other, and meanwhile he was drifting farther and farther away. At last he resolved to land somewhere if he could, go to Messrs. Hart and Long, his employers, and telling his story, throw himself upon their mercy. If they saw him first, they would probably believe his version of the affair and forgive him.

But to accomplish this was no easy matter. The canal was wide at this particular part, the water dark and many fathoms deep. So to land seemed impossible, for Larry had no oars and was obliged to go as the wind took him.

Presently, the little boat ran into the bank, and with an exclamation of joy and thanksgiving the boy grasped the stump of a tree, tied the rope securely round it, and springing on to the grass, began to clamber up on to the road.

But all at once something awful happened. A terrific noise resounded through the air. The sky became a deep lurid red. The crashing of glass and wild screams of agony were heard on all sides, and Larry was dashed violently to the ground.

For some moments he lay insensible; then, gradually reviving, he sat up and gazed about in alarm. Men, women, and children were running down the road. They all looked white as death. Consternation was on every countenance.

"What is it? Has the end of the world come?" asked Larry, creeping up to a woman who stood wringing her hands at the door of one of the houses.

"No, dear, no. But there has been an awful explosion on the canal down there at the North Gate. The barge is blown to bits, they say, and everyone on board is killed. Five tons of gunpowder, they tell me. Just think of that! It has smashed every window for a mile away. Houses are down in some parts. Oh, it's dreadful to think of the destruction those wretches on board the *Tilbury* have caused —wholesale ruin and destruction."

Larry uttered a cry, and leant against the wall. He was faint and trembling.

"The *Tilbury*! Did you really say the *Tilbury*?"

"Yes, that's what I said plain enough. I've just heard the name from the police. The men were drunk and threw matches about, it is supposed. They're well punished, for they are all dead. But that won't mend our windows, worse luck. They——"

But Larry waited to hear no more. He ran as he never before had run in the whole of his existence, and at last, panting and breathless, he reached the scene of disaster.

Of the luckless barge little was to be seen. It had been blown to atoms. Three dreadful-looking figures, black and charred, water running out of their clothes and hair, had been dragged out of the canal by the police, and were lying upon the bank. These were the three men who had been so cruel to Larry—John Smith and his companions.

"Are they dead?" whispered the boy, kneeling down and gazing at them with eyes full of horror.

"Two on 'em is," answered the policeman. "This big burly chap has life in him yet. The wonder is, they are not all in bits—like the boy—a little fellow of twelve—for that's what must have happened to him—blown away—for there's not a sign of him—an' we know he was on board—for we've just 'ad particulars from Messrs. Hart and Long, an' they declare there was a boy."

"So there was—so there was," sobbed Larry. "But he —was not—killed—for I am he."

And then he told his story.

"It's wonderful!" cried the policeman. "God took care of you—it's really wonderful."

"Yes, thank God I was not on board the barge," answered Larry, fervently; "for what would poor mother have done if I had been killed."

Then they raised John Smith and carried him to the Middlesex Hospital, where his wounds were carefully dressed, and he was put into a comfortable bed. Every day Larry went to the hospital, and sought admission to the ward in which the man lay.

Trouble and suffering had done much to tame the wild spirit of big, rough John Smith, and when the little boy, whom he had kicked and cuffed, and treated in every way so shamefully, appeared constantly by his bedside, and with a kind word, and a sympathetic glance, inquired anxiously as to how he felt, his heart was touched, and he was truly sorry for his past conduct.

"You're a good lad," he said one day with emotion, "and if ever I get off this bed I'll be kind to you—see if I'm not. I haven't a friend in the world, an' I'll just be a father to you, Larry."

Larry smiled.

"Thank you, John. I always thought you didn't quite mean to be so cruel."

John stared at him for a moment; then laughed.

"You're a rum un. You're not like any lad I ever seed. But I'm downright sorry about that book o' yourn, an' when I'm well I'll buy you another—see if I don't."

"But look here, I've got my book. Here it is," cried Larry, holding up his *Imitation* triumphantly. "The very one you threw away into the canal."

"Well, I never," gasped Smith. "Are you a witch or a fairy? The very book, I declare."

Larry laughed merrily.

"Neither a witch nor a fairy, John—but a lucky little boy." And then he explained how it had fallen into the punt, and how in going to get it he had escaped the explosion.

"It saved you—or—I saved you," he cried with tears in his eyes—"for if I hadn't thrown that book away, you'd have been on board, an' a little one like you would just have gone to bits."

"God watched over me, John, and I'm very, very thankful."

"Of course you are. But read me some o' that book you're so fond of."

"'If your conscience is pure you will have peace. A bad conscience is always timid and unquiet,'" read Larry; and then he explained how a pure conscience was to be obtained, and how even if we had sinned grievously, we could receive forgiveness and return to the grace of God.

"It's beautiful. I never knew nothink about it afore," said John, plaintively. "No one ever told me about God's goodness and love. I wish I could read, an' I'd ask you to lend me that book."

"I'll teach you to read," cried Larry eagerly, "and you'll soon learn, I'm sure."

Smith shook his head. He was too old and stupid. However, as he was glad to do anything to please Larry, he willingly promised to do his best, and try to learn.

So every day Larry brought his primer, and with great patience put John through his lesson. Then as a reward he would read him a chapter in the *Imitation*, and explain its meaning with much earnestness.

And when the time came for Smith to leave the hospital he was a changed man. The many lessons he had received had sunk deep into his heart, and he was resolved to lead a good life in the future. With Larry he now took to going to the instructions in the church of Our Lady of Mercy; and one day, to his little friend's delight, he went to the priest, and asked to be made a Catholic. Father Ryan gladly consented to receive him, and he was baptized at once. Some months later Smith and Larry were again sent together on board a barge. But the boy's life was now different to what it had been on the *Tilbury*. The other men were rough and inclined to knock him about. But he had a strong champion in John Smith, who always took his part, defending him bravely against angry words and blows.

"Hit me if you like," he would say, "but you must not touch the boy." And then he told them of Larry's goodness, and the way he had forgiven his unkindness; how he had visited and consoled him during his long illness; and how

he had taught him to read. "An' I tell you it's a great comfort," he continued. "Next to a pipe, there's nothin' like a book."

This fired their ambition, and soon they, too, began to wish to read. And when Larry expressed his willingness to assist them, they all gathered round him to be taught.

Time passed on. The barge was laid up for repairs, and Larry and the men were employed in different ways about the premises of Messrs. Hart and Long. But they often met; and one after another these good creatures were led through Larry's example into the Catholic Church.

"The lad's a good un—God bless 'im," cried Smith, brushing his sleeve across his eyes, as he came out from the Mass at which Larry had made his first Communion. "I'd like to do something for him an' his mother, for they're very poor. Eh, mates, what d'ye say?"

"Willingly," answered the others. "We'll all do what we can."

So they all made a collection. And when Larry woke up on the morning of his thirteenth birthday, in his mother's little lodging, he found a box of presents beside his bed. The men had known what would please the boy best; they had put in something for each member of the family. There was a piece of beef and an apple dumpling; a warm frock and jacket for the delicate sister, Polly; toys and sweets for the little ones, a stuff dress for his mother, and a beautifully-bound New Testament for himself.

"Mother," said Larry, his eyes full of tears as he examined the gifts spread out before him, "I am too happy. I have not a trouble in the world. There was a time when I had a cross—a heavy cross to bear—but it has gone."

"Yes, dearest," she answered, drawing him to her side, and kissing him tenderly. "You bore it well, and you are having your reward. Remember the words of the *Imitation*: 'If thou bear My cross willingly, it will carry thee.' You have borne your cross with a patient and cheerful heart, and so it has grown light to carry."

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LEO XIII

ON THE

CONDITION OF LABOUR[1]

By CARDINAL MANNING[2]

Since the Divine words, "I have compassion on the multitude," were spoken in the wilderness, no voice has been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with such profound and loving sympathy for those that toil and suffer as the voice of Leo XIII. This is no rhetorical exaggeration, but strict truth. None but the Vicar of our Divine Lord could so speak to mankind. No Pontiff has ever had such an opportunity so to speak, for never till now has the world of labour been so consciously united, so dependent upon the will of the rich, so exposed to the fluctuations of adversity and to the vicissitudes of trade. Leo XIII., looking out of the watch-tower of the Christian world, as St. Leo the Great used to say, has before him what no Pontiff yet has ever seen. He sees all the kingdoms of the world and the sufferings of them.

The moan of discontent, of toil, of sorrow, goes up

[1] *On the Condition of the Working Classes.*—Encyclical Letter dated May 5, 1891.

[2] Reprinted from the *Dublin Review* for July, 1891.

before him. The modern world, by every agency of knowledge, and by every bond of interest and of intellect, has become confluent. It has one intelligence, one conscience, one will, for it is under one law: "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread:" and for millions that bread is scant. Its sufferings are the same, and its needs and demands are the same. This interchange of knowledge is so rapid and complete, not only as of old by messengers and by letters, but by the electric wire and instantaneous transit, that the workers and toilers of all languages and of all lands are united by one living consciousness and by a continual participation in the various changes of labour and of trade. The world of to-day is a world of enormous wealth and endless labour. The Holy Father, at the outset of the Encyclical, recognizes this character of the nineteenth century. He says that "the growth of industry and the surprising discoveries of science; the changed relations of masters and workmen; the enormous fortunes of individuals and the poverty of the masses; the increased self-reliance and the closer mutual combination of the working population," have created a new condition in the world full of elements of conflict; and this is rendered more menacing by "a general moral deterioration" that is in all classes and in all nations. It is upon such a world that he looks down, and his heart is with the poor; "I have compassion on the multitude"—on the poor, who, as he says, are "the majority of mankind."

"All agree," he says, "and there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and that quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. The ancient workmen's gilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organization took their place. Hence by degrees it has come to pass that working men have been given over, isolated and defenceless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. The evil has been increased by rapacious usury, which, though more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless under a different form, but with the same guilt, still practised by avaricious and grasping

men ; and to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." This is no new pronouncement of Leo XIII. It is perhaps not known to many that the study of this question has long occupied his mind. During his episcopate at Perugia he issued pastorals, even stronger and more explicit, on the sufferings of the workers and the callousness of employers. By a happy providence, what he then wrote in a pastoral to an Umbrian flock, he now promulgates with Apostolic authority to the whole world.

Before we speak of the text of the Encyclical, we must make two preliminary remarks.

Some public critics have censured it for vagueness and generality. They are disappointed because they do not find detailed and particular solutions, remedies, and schemes of action. But they forget that the diversities of nations, in civilization, in maturity, in climate, in character, in the diversities of natural and industrial products, also in mode of life and in a multitude of other conditions and circumstances, make it as impossible to prescribe remedies for all nations as it would be to dispense a score of prescriptions for all the hospitals of Europe. It was of absolute necessity to lay down broad principles which serve as major premisses in all arguments of the social order.

The other remark is this : that the Holy Father has lifted "Political Economy" from the low level of selfishness in profit and loss, labour and wages, and replaced it on the high and true level of "Social Economy." The very word economy is a protest against the narrowness of the last hundred years. Economy is the administration of a household. He is a bad householder who attends only to weekly bills, and neglects the health, morals, and welfare of the household. There is nothing needed for the well-being and happiness of the family for which domestic economy does not vigilantly provide. The finances of the household are necessary, but subordinate. They are one

detail of administration. When we speak of "political" economy we speak in metaphors. A State is metaphorically a family, a household; and metaphorically it has an administration which is to the commonwealth what economy is to the household. It includes every form of material and moral provision for the public health and welfare. In this, finance and commerce are an important but a subordinate part. The Holy Father has carefully defined this economy and its bearing upon Socialism, both the thing and the term, as we shall see hereafter.

The Encyclical divides itself into four parts. The first treats of the origin and constitution of human society. The second shows the unnatural, abnormal, and subversive nature of what is called Socialism. The third treats of the intervention of the State in social questions. The fourth and last treats of the liberty, duties, and co-operation of workers, both men and women. We will follow this order in commenting upon it.

I. Human Society

As to the origin of human society, it is much to be feared that many will read the Encyclical without weighing its deep and far-reaching enunciation of primary truths. Many also will call them truisms and fail to weigh them. For instance:

1. "Man is older than the State, and he holds the right of providing for the life of his body, prior to the formation of any State."

2. "To say that God has given the earth to the use and enjoyment of the universal human race is not to deny that there can be private property."

3. "When man spends the industry of his mind and the strength of his body in procuring the fruits of nature, by that act he makes his own that portion of nature's field which he cultivates, that portion on which he leaves, as it were, the *impress of his personality*."

4. "As effects follow their cause, so it is just and right that the results of labour should belong to him who has laboured."

5. "With reason therefore the common opinion of mankind . . . . has found, in the study of nature and in the law of nature herself, the foundations of the division of property, and has consecrated by the practice of all ages the principle of private ownership."

6. "That we have the family: the society of a man's own household: a society limited indeed in numbers, but a true 'society,' anterior to every State or nation, with rights and duties of its own, totally independent of the commonwealth."

7. "It is a most sacred law of nature that a father must provide food and all necessaries for those whom he has begotten. . . . . A man's children carry on, as it were, and continue his own personality."

8. "The family has at least equal rights with the State in the choice and pursuit of those things which are needful to its preservation, and to its just liberty."

9. "We say at least equal rights, for since the domestic household is anterior, both in idea and in fact, to the gathering of men into a commonwealth, the former must necessarily have rights and duties which are prior to those of the latter, and which rest more immediately on nature."

10. "The idea, then, that the civil government should, at its own discretion, penetrate and pervade the family and the household is a great and pernicious mistake."

11. "Paternal authority can neither be abolished by the State nor absorbed, for it has the same source as human life itself."

12. "The child . . . is, as it were, the continuation of the father's personality."

13. "To speak with strictness, the child takes its place in civil society, not in its own right, but in its quality as a member of the family. . . . Before it attains the use of freewill, it is in the power and care of its parents."

We have thought it best to extract these passages, and

to place them in an orderly series, because, embedded in a context full of manifold and various interest, their full force may be easily lost. They are like the axioms of mathematics, the immoveable foundations of all reasoning. They are the basis and the constructive lines of human society, which is a divine creation in the order of nature.

II. Socialism

The Encyclical then proceeds to describe Socialism by the doctrines of its first teachers and chief writers. The essence of Socialism, according to this statement, consists in the denial of the natural right of property, or of private ownership, and in the assertion that it is lawful to reform and constitute human society on the basis of the universal equality of man, and the community of goods.

The Encyclical goes on to show the false and destructive character of Socialism.

The law of property or of private ownership, both in land and in the product of his own labour, is founded in nature, and cannot be abolished by any human authority without a violation of the Divine order of natural society. Neither land nor wage can be nationalized. Property existed before the nation; and rests immediately on nature itself. This does not deny the lawfulness of taxing all property by the State for the safety or welfare of the commonwealth. It denies only the lawfulness of uprooting the right of property which is in its origin founded on nature itself. There are many kinds of nominal Socialism, which we need not deal with now; but of the original Socialism there are two sections: the one that holds the lawfulness of nationalizing both land and the wages of labour; the other that holds the lawfulness of nationalizing the land only, but admits the right of private property in the wages and products of personal labour. The Encyclical denies both these claims. Socialism therefore affects to reconstitute human society upon a new foundation and by new laws, and this, whether accomplished by force or by fallacy, is destructive of the natural and normal society

of man. For this cause the terms Socialistic and Socialism have an essentially ill signification. Socialism is to society what rationalism is to reasoning. It denotes an abuse, an excess, a de-ordination in human society, as rationalism denotes a misuse and an abuse of reason. All reasoning must be rational that is in conformity with the laws of reason, and all legislation for human society must be both human and social by the necessity and nature of mankind. Inhuman and anti-social law is not law, but tyranny or anarchy. It implies therefore a laxity of thought, or at least of terminology, to speak of Christian Socialism or of Catholic Socialism. The Holy Father is too keen in his apprehension and too exact in his reasoning to admit such confusion even in terms. This will be seen in the third part of the Encyclical, which treats of the intervention of the State in social questions.

Leo XIII. points out that the equality of all men is contradicted by every fact and condition of human life. Both the gifts of nature and the products of human free-will introduce, at every moment, inequalities which are lawful, innocent, and fruitful of every kind of good. Society itself would not grow, nor would its prosperity and power be developed, if all men were equal. And as society unfolds its own perfections, men at once become unequal. The inequalities of age alone would daily multiply the inequalities of early and middle and mature life. If we were all equal to-day, inequalities would spring up to-morrow. And these very inequalities are the spirit and the means of growing perfection. "It is impossible to reduce human society to a level. The Socialists may do their utmost, but they are striving against nature in vain."

If the right of private ownership were violated, no one would suffer so much as the poor working-man. It is his ambition and his prayer to possess as his own the roof over his head and the patch of garden which now pays his rent. In absorbing rich landlords, the poor cottager is also sacrificed. Property is more vital to those who have little than to those who have much. The rich may make great

losses, and yet have enough to live; but they who live always on the brink of want, are ruined by one privation.

Socialism properly so-called, by the equality of all and the community of goods invades also the domestic life and the rights of parents. "The Socialists therefore, in setting aside the parent and introducing the providence of the State, act *against natural justice*, and therefore the very existence of family life."

The Holy Father goes on to point out the remedy of these social evils. He says: "There is nothing more useful than to look at the world as it is, and at the same time to look elsewhere for a remedy to its troubles." It is certain that the world cannot heal itself; it is more certain that Socialism, which violates the primary laws of nature, cannot heal our social evils. Socialism is in itself the master evil in the society of men, being the destroyer of the first laws of the natural order. Therefore, to find a remedy we are bid to look away from the world, and to look "elsewhere." It is certain, therefore, that neither legislation, nor civilization, nor any simple human influence or natural agency, can restore society which is sick with manifold diseases. The Holy Father tells us where to look. He says: "When a society is perishing, the true advice to give to those who would restore it, is to recall it to the purpose and principles from which it sprang." "So that to fall away from its primal constitution is disease; to go back to it is recovery." "If society is to be cured now, in no other way can it be cured but by a return to the Christian life, and the Christian institutions." Therefore, "no practical solution of this question will ever be found without the assistance of religion and of the Church." God created the Church and the Church created the Christian world. For three centuries the world has been in revolt against the Church, and has thrown off the first principles from which it sprang; they are: faith, indissoluble matrimony, Christian education, obedience to the Head of the Christian world. The consequence of this revolt is schism, divorce, schools without religion, and the weakening of all moral laws. The natural society of man

fell from its normal state into manifold corruptions. The merely human civilization in its most refined state in Greece, and in its loftiest attainment in the Roman world, perished by its own suicidal corruptions. "There cannot be the shadow of doubt . . . . that civil society was renovated in every part by the teaching of Christianity; that in the strength of that renewal the human race was lifted up to better things; nay, that it was brought back from death to life." "Of this beneficent transformation Jesus Christ was at once the first cause and the final purpose; as from Him all came, so to Him all was to be referred."

These sentences are full of meaning. They affirm:

1. That into the fallen and perverted society of men a new life and a new legislation entered, which expelled the evils of human corruption and elevated society to a supernatural state; or, in other words, that the society and law of nature were not only restored to their first principles, but were elevated to a higher law and state. Human society was made perfect in the supernatural society that is in the Church. Separation therefore from the Church has deprived a great part of the Christian world of its supernatural perfection in life and constitution.

2. That the Christian law made perfect the natural law of justice and mercy, which may be enforced by human tribunals.

3. That it superadded the law of charity, the highest and most perfect law, which, though it cannot be enforced by human tribunals, has a Divine sanction to enforce it in the conscience of all men.

4. That without the teaching of Christianity, the moral relations of human society become unsympathetic, hard, and selfish.

When, then, Leo XIII. says that the only remedy for the social evils of States is to be found in the Church, he means that "without God there is no society"; without a legislator, human laws are powerless to restrain the selfish passion of men; and without charity all laws are

cold, unpersuasive, and inefficacious. Justice alone without mercy is heartless, and mercy without charity is constrained and repulsive. Without the Church, this higher moral law is not to be found. The condition of the labour world, or of the "labour market," as political economists have taught us to call it, is proof enough.

The Encyclical then points out two other explicit reasons why the actions of the Church, in its teaching, spirit, and sanction, is of the highest moment to society, and especially to the millions of the world. The poor are the special charge of the Church. "God hath chosen the poor of this world." "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him?" Every living soul is in His immediate care, the rich as well as the poor: there is no distinction of class or privilege with Him. Every soul, whether refined or rude, is in His keeping. But with an especial care He watches over those who "eat bread in the sweat of their brow." They are under the habitual penance of Adam in privation, toil, poverty, often in want, living in hardness, and bearing many sufferings. They live perpetually on the brink of want, in the midst of vicissitudes of human fortune. None need the Paraclete, the Consoler, more than they: and none need the sympathy of the Church as they do. "The Church has guarded with religious care the inheritance of the poor." At the present day there are many who, like the heathen of old, condemn the Church for this beautiful charity. We are told that it demoralizes the people. "They would substitute in its place a system of State-organized relief. But no human methods will ever supply for the devotion and self-sacrifice of Christian charity."

Another reason is this. The creative power of the Church has in all ages formed for itself organized bodies, incorporating and fulfilling its manifold works of charity. A religious order springs from the bosom of the Church, and is sustained by it. And as religious orders have sprung up within it, so also have gilds, confraternities,

sodalities, unions, both sacred and beneficial. Association and co-operation are of the spirit of brotherhood: and the greatest brotherhood in the world is the Church itself. Therefore the Church blesses and encourages every form of lawful and Christian association. It condemns secret societies as such, because they walk in darkness: but it sanctions the open uniting of men for a lawful object, such as mutual protection against those who make the largest profits out of the lowest wages, or intolerable hours of work, and the like. In a word, the Church recognizes the liberty of the human will in all its lawful actions, individual and collective: and it encourages men to use that liberty for their self-defence and for the defence and help of others.

But finally, the Church alone deals not only with the bodily, but also with the spiritual life of man: and no people can be peaceful or contented with a life of labour who do not know, and hope for, an eternal rest. And it thereby teaches men, the poorest and the humblest, their true dignity. "No man may outrage with impunity that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence; nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of heaven." It is certain that in the measure in which these truths pervade the mind of a people, in that measure they are elevated, refined, and independent. In the measure in which they are lost, a people becomes animal, gross and intractable, or, it may be, slavish. "To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being, is beyond his right. He cannot give up his soul to servitude; for it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God." "Therefore no man can contract to work so many hours and so many days a week as to render it impossible for him to live a Christian and human life." From this follows the obligation of the cessation of work and labour on Sundays and certain festivals. From this also it follows that to work sixteen or eighteen hours a day is contrary both to natural and to Christian law. It springs either from the recklessness of the employed, or the covetous-

ness of the employer. This is a just condemnation of the state of many of our industries, under which till now our people have suffered in silence. But they are now bid to make their burdens and sufferings known.

III. The Intervention of the State

The Encyclical then treats of the intervention of the State in matters of political economy. If a century of narrow and commercial mistreatment had not contracted the range and fulness of political economy to the "dismal science" of supply and demand, wage-funds and labour markets, the very title would have affirmed the duty of the State to intervene whensoever the welfare of the commonwealth is in any part at stake. All political economy contains financial and commercial economy, but neither commerce nor finance are co-extensive with political economy. Political economy watches indeed over the whole commercial and financial economy, but it watches also over the welfare of all classes. Classes revolve round their own interests. It is in reaction from this organized selfishness that some men have recoiled into Socialism. The Encyclical having carefully defined Socialism, both name and thing, goes on to show how the legislation of human society must be essentially social. "It is in the power of a ruler to benefit every order of the State, and among the rest to promote in the highest degree the interests of the poor; . . . for it is the province of the commonwealth to consult for the common good, and the more that is done for the working population by the general laws of the country, the less need will there be to seek for particular means to relieve them." "The richer population have many ways of protecting themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State. Those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly rely upon the assistance of the State, and it is for this reason that wage-earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the commonwealth." It is to be doubted

whether in any country of the Christian world these truths are better realized than in our own. Ever since the abolition of slavery in 1834, our legislation has entered more and more minutely into the social needs and sufferings of our people. Our poor-law incorporates the primary laws of nature, that a man has a right to live and a right to the food necessary to sustain life, either by gift or by wage. But nobody dreams of calling the laws of Elizabeth socialistic. The mining and factory legislation protects millions of men, women, and children; the abolition of Corn Laws impoverished a class for the welfare of the people; a dozen laws protect children from noxious trades and the like; but no man till now has been blind enough to accuse our Statute-book of Socialism. The State educations of France, America, and Belgium are denounced as infidel, immoral, godless; but though they are the worst form of Socialism, nobody says so or sees it. But if any man would protect the world of labour from the oppression of "free contracts" or "starvation wages," he is a Socialist. So obscure from want of thought, or so warped by interest, or so prejudiced by class feeling are the minds of men. Our legislation hitherto and the programme of the Berlin Conference are supremely conservative, social, and anti-socialistic.

IV. The Workers

The Encyclical comes lastly to the liberty, duties, and co-operation of workers. The treatment of this is paternal in its compassion and minute in its detail. It shows both the heart and the head of the Good Shepherd. First, as to liberty. Work is the condition of bread. But in the choice of the kind of work, the master for whom, the wages for which a man shall work, all this rests with himself. The employer has the dead capital of gold and silver. The workman has the living capital of strength and skill. If strength and skill are unproductive without gold and silver, gold and silver are dead without strength and skill. A free and faithful

contract between them is necessary for the productiveness of both. A man has a right and an absolute liberty to work for such wages as he thinks just; to refuse to work for less. Men have both right and liberty to unite with others of the same trade or craft, and to demand a just wage for their labour. If this just wage is refused, they have both right and liberty to refuse to work—that is, to strike. Leo XIII. fully recognises this liberty. So long as the cause is just, the right to strike is undeniable. He "is free to work or not."

But next arises the question, What is a just wage? The Encyclical has given a very explicit and definite answer. It is impossible to define the maximum. It is only necessary to define the minimum. The Encyclical says: "Let it be granted then, that, as a rule, workmen and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless there is a dictate of nature, more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." This is immediately further explained as "sufficient to enable him to maintain himself, his wife, and his children."

We have here the measure of the minimum wage. It must be sufficient to maintain a man and his home. This does not mean a variable measure, or a sliding scale according to the number of children, but a fixed average sum. "If through necessity or fear of worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice." The foundation of this judgement is in the law of nature. It is clear that the normal state of man in the natural order is that every man should have and should dwell in his own home, surrounded by the duties and charities of life. If the civil population of the country were debarred from marriage, like the standing army, the face of the country would be visited with all the evils of a garrison town. Homeless men are reckless. There would be but little patriotism in a country where no man cares to stand *pro aris et focis*. The hearth-money

of our forefathers was the sure pledge of their loyalty. The policy of the law—that is, its aim and spirit—is that homeless men be few, and that the homes of the people be the broad and solid foundation on which the commonwealth, in all its social and political life, shall repose. We may therefore take the maintenance of a home as a minimum of a just wage.

It follows, therefore, that an employer who should take single men without homes at a lower wage would commit a social injustice, full of immoral and dangerous consequences to society.

Beyond this it is impossible to go. Every kind of industry and of labour, skilled and unskilled, in all the diversities of toil or danger, will have its special claims; but the lowest line is the worker and his home.

It is well to bear in mind that the oldest free contract between landowner and labourer is the *métayer* system, by which the annual produce of the soil is halved between the landlord and the producer. This still exists abroad. It bears witness to a law of proportion which is just, and it is a source of contentment and goodwill. Where there is no proportion, or no known proportion, between enormous and increasing profits and scanty and stationary wages, to be contented is to be superhuman. Leo XIII., without naming any one, warmly commends the works of those in France and elsewhere who are giving to their workmen a share in the profits and prosperity of their commerce and industry.

On the liberty of strike, Leo XIII. is equally explicit. "When workpeople have recourse to a strike, it is frequently because the hours of labour are too long, or the work too hard, or because they consider their wages insufficient." "Such paralysis of labour not only affects the masters and their workpeople, but is extremely injurious to trade and to the general interests of the public." A strike is like war. If for just cause, a strike is right and inevitable; it is a healthful constraint imposed upon the despotism of capital. It is the only power in the hands of working men. We have been for years blinded or dazed by the phrases of "free contract," "the

independence of adult labour," "free labour," and the like. The meaning is this: Let working men maintain their independence of one another, and of all associations, and of all unions, and of all united action, and of all intervention of law in their behalf. The more perfectly they are isolated, the more independent of all defenders, the more dependent they are on capitalists. Starving men may be locked out with impunity. The hunger of their wives, the cries of their children, their own want of food will compel them to come in. It is evident that between a capitalist and a working man there can be no true freedom of contract. The capitalist is invulnerable in his wealth. The working man without bread has no choice but either to agree, or to hunger in his hungry home. For this cause "freedom of contract" has been the gospel of employers; and they have resented hotly the intervention of any peacemaker. They have claimed that no one come between them and their men; that their relation to them is a private, almost a domestic affair. They forget that when thousands of women and children suffer while they are refusing to grant a penny more in wages, or an hour less in work, there is a wide field of misery caused by their refusal, which prolongs a strike. It is then no private affair, but a public evil which excites the public condemnation. And more than this—a handful of miserable men harshly treated grows to a mob, and a mob soon grows to a multitude, and a multitude soon grows beyond its own control, and when batoned by police and angered by the ostentatious presence of soldiers, horse and foot, breaks into flight and scours the streets, wrecking, robbing, and looting, without aim or reason. Again, as more recently, for a month the streets of London were choked day by day with processions of tens of thousands. Disorder and horse-play, which at any moment might turn to collisions with the people or the police, were imminent; these were sharpened by disappointment, and irritated by refusal of an additional penny an hour. At any moment a drunkard, or a madman, or a fool, might have set fire to the docks and warehouses. The commercial wealth of London and

the merchandise of the world, the banks and wharves of the Thames, might have been pillaged; and the conflagration might have spread for hours before order, at unimaginable loss, could be restored. And all this because a strike is "a matter between us and our men." They were reminded that there were two other parties interested between masters and men, the multitude of suffering women and children, and the whole peaceful population of London. At a certain stage of such a conflict, either or both of these parties have a social, civil, and natural right to intervene to protect the public safety. Leo XIII. in such cases goes beyond the intervention of peacemakers in a voluntary effort to reconcile contending parties. He affirms that the State may intervene. "If," he says, "by a strike or other combination of workmen, there should be imminent danger of disturbance to the public peace, or if circumstances were such that among the labouring population the ties of family life were relaxed . . . finally, if health were endangered by excessive labour, or by work unsuited to sex or age, in these cases there can be no question that within certain limits it would be right to call in the help and authority of the law." So little does the Encyclical recognize the absolutism of employers, and so fully does it justify the action of Parliament in the Commission on Sweating, in the Committee on the Hours of Labour, and now in the Commission on Labour in all its relations to Capital. Leo XIII. gives to legislators a supreme counsel: "The laws should be *beforehand* and *prevent* these troubles from arising, they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which tend to conflicts between masters and those whom they employ."

This, as he especially urges, ought to be provided for by voluntary tribunals of arbitration, composed of employers and employed in their respective unions or associations; and when no such provisions of previous legislation exist, if Parliament is not assembled and danger is urgent, it is the right and the duty of every loyal man, who loves his country and his people, at any cost or danger to himself, to

come between the parties in conflict, and to bring them, if he can, to peace.

The Encyclical then, in a few sympathetic words, treats of the employment of women and children. Of women it says: "They are not suited to certain trades: for a woman is by nature fitted for home work, and it is that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty, and to promote the good bringing-up of children and the well-being of the family." As we read these words, the chainmakers of Cradley Heath, the pit-brow women of the mines, and the mothers in our factories rise before us. Here is a moral case to be solved. A woman enters for life into a sacred contract with a man before God at the altar, to fulfil to him the duties of wife, mother, and head of his home. Is it lawful for her, even with his consent, to make afterwards a second contract for so many shillings a week with a millowner, whereby she becomes unable to provide her husband's food, train up her children, or do the duties of her home? It is no question of the lawfulness of gaining a few more shillings for the expenses of a family, but of the lawfulness of breaking a prior contract—the most solemn between man and woman. No arguments of expediency can be admitted. It is an obligation of conscience to which all things must give way. The duties of home must first be done, then other questions may be entertained. Till then, nothing. Some people seem to think that our statute law is of high perfection, because it forbids mothers to return to work for three weeks or a month after childbirth. By a higher law, the law of nature, the whole care and time of the mother is due to the child; a mother's instincts ought to prevail over all lower motives. There can be no home where a mother does not nurture her own infant: and where there is no home, there is no domestic life, and where the domestic life of a people is undermined, their social and political life rests on sand. To this it will be answered: that without the mother's earnings the children would not be fed. To this there are many answers. The minimum of wages would suffice, if the relations of capital and labour were

even just: much more, if generous. Already men have complained that employers prefer the cheaper work of women, and women are finding that employers prefer the cheaper work of children. It is the old formula of modern political economy, "Sell in the dearest market, and buy in the cheapest." What is cheaper than the work of women and half-timers? A normal state of wage earning would put back every wife into her home in the midst of her children.

Finally, the Encyclical speaks in few but comprehensive words of the labour of children. "In regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature. For just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring, so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers, and makes any real education impossible." There is a tenderness and wisdom in these words which makes all comment needless. Indeed, they exhaust the subject. The condition of child-labour fifty years ago cannot now be conceived by those who have only seen the half-timers of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Children hardly out of infancy were then overcrowded in rooms, ill-ventilated, the air of which became poisonous. They were set to picking cotton and other like materials, of which the filaments and the fluff affected the organs of respiration. Our Legislature very tardily and after long contention made such child-labour unlawful. Names of political history are to be found resisting every advance of this humane legislation. They prophesied the ruin of our manufactures if the labour of infants were forbidden, as men are prophesying now the downfall of our commerce if we save the half-timers from the premature toil which mars their education, exhausts their health, and checks the normal development of body and of brain. All the chief Powers of Europe, and many of the lesser States, agreed at Berlin to raise the minimum age for child-labour to twelve years. Many have done it: some have raised it to thirteen. We voted, and therefore pledged our honour and our humanity, to raise the

minimum age to twelve. We have not done it. Our rulers have refused to do it. With a niggard will we are raising it after a year's delay to eleven. The words of Leo XIII. will sear us till we raise it at least till twelve.

Such then in outline is the teaching of Leo XIII. We have, at the risk of breaking the continuity of narrative, given the very words of the Encyclical, arranging them in the main order of the subject-matter as to human society and its morbid parasite of Socialism; as to the Church, the supernatural Society, and the salvation of the political order of the world; as to the State in its relation to the world of labour; and finally, as to the workers, their liberty and their homes.

The voice of the Good Shepherd has been heard by the flock spread throughout the world with a loving, thankful, and joyous assent. It has been heard by sovereigns and statesmen, and men of every calling and of every measure of culture, with a respectful attention never before given to any pontifical utterance. It has been heard by the millions of the world of labour, and they have recognized the accents of the Father's love and sympathy. In truth, the Encyclical, both in matter and in manner of treatment, comes home to the intelligence and heart of this day with the simplicity of a household word. Who does not know what labour is? And who is not a sharer in its interests or sympathies or sufferings? Now, there is only one person who represents two things which men think irreconcileable—power and poverty: the Vicar of our Lord "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor,"—he only knows both and can speak to both as a partaker in both.

For a century the Civil Powers in almost all the Christian world have been separating themselves from the Church, claiming and glorying in their separation. They have set up the State as a purely lay and secular society, and have thrust the Church from them. And now of a sudden they find that the millions of the world sympathize with the Church, which has compassion on the multitude, rather than with the State, or the plutocracy which has weighed so heavily upon them.

The Last Retreat of Père Olivaint,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

L. C. SKEY.

[Pierre Olivaint, a Jesuit Father of Paris, well known as an able preacher and much esteemed for his piety, was arrested and afterwards executed together with other "hostages" during the time of the Commune in Paris at the close of the Franco-German war in 1871. The following account of his last days is taken from his life, in French, by Père Ponlevoy.]

On the day of the arrest of Père Olivaint, he and his companions of the Society of Jesus had early in the morning taken care to remove from their Church, in the Rue de Sèvres, the Blessed Sacrament; two consecrated Hosts, before which two lamps were burning, were kept during the moment of supreme danger in the cells of Père Olivaint and of Père Lefèvre, his faithful companion and friend. The day was nearly ended when the announcement was made that the people of the Commune were near at hand; their presence in the Rue de Sèvres had first been made known at the house of the Priests of the Mission. At a quarter past seven, all met in the refectory as usual for the Lenten collation. Père Olivaint sat in his place, but he ate nothing. All at once he was warned that a certain Doctor Goupil, followed by a dentist named Lagrange, had presented himself at the head of a hundred chosen men of the 83rd battalion, who were considered to be the worst and the most rebellious. Brother François Gautier, with much coolness and presence of mind, spoke with them at the door, and

kept the importunate visitors in the parlour. As soon as they heard this news, Père Olivaint and Père Lefèvre hastened to their cells, consumed the Sacred Species, and then, being armed with the Divine Viaticum, they presented themselves to the invaders. "Gentlemen," said the delegate of the Commune, "you know that from this moment your goods are confiscated. I am come to make a perquisition here, to see whether you have any arms hidden in the house." "No, indeed! we have no arms," Père Lefèvre answered gently; "you know that as well as I do." Visibly embarrassed, the doctor replied: "Sir, if you have none, some have at least been found in the house of your fellow citizens" (sic). He alluded to the College in the Rue Chaumont, where, having vainly sought for arms, they had stolen the chalices. "For the rest," he added, "you need not fear, gentlemen, no one will harm you. Time will not allow me to make the search myself, but I delegate Citizen Lagrange to proceed to do so, in my place." This personage was a tall man, who was an improvised "Commissaire Central," of the *quartier*. Another individual, small and ugly, with a red scarf round his waist and a revolver in his hand, suddenly appeared. "Well," said he, "let us begin." Goupil, as he went out, approached Lagrange, and whispered to him: "*If you find nothing, bring away two of them.*"

They set themselves at once to search the house. The chiefs of the band advanced cautiously, placing guards at each door, and at each corner of the corridors. Père Olivaint and Père Lefèvre walked close to them, surrounded by national guards. They visited the sacristy. The little man with the revolver, who seemed as if he might have run away from the seminary, pretended that he knew all about everything. "This is a stole," he said; "that is a chasuble. Oh! I know what it is." On entering the church, the citizen delegates declared proudly that they would not be at the trouble of taking off their hats; they peered about curiously in the nave, which was only half lighted by the torch a Brother was carrying. "What a fine monument!" they said to themselves, "it will be useful to us by and bye."

Then they hurried on to the kitchen and refectory.

"Now we are going to regale ourselves at last; we have fasted for forty-eight hours," they said, but this was more than doubtful. Père Lefèvre served them with a good grace, with the collation which had been left almost untouched, and they ate all the food they could lay their hands on.

When they went into the library, they seized some pious books, and throwing them violently on the floor they shouted: "Oh! the faith, the propagation of the faith! we have a good laugh at faith!" Then both chiefs and soldiers began to lavish blasphemies against God and insults on the Society of Jesus. Père Olivaint, after the example of Him Whose Name he had the honour to bear, kept silence. If he was asked any questions of small importance, he answered briefly, with politeness and reserve, and astonished at his calm and patient manner, some of the invaders said: "These are more polite than those at Versailles."

All these things were but preliminary. The principal, perhaps the sole, object of the expedition was to search the money-chest. Citizen Lagrange no sooner saw it in the room of the 'Procurator,' than he called out: "Open it quickly; where is the key?" The lock could only be opened by a combination of letters, of which Père Olivaint did not know the secret. "What! you are Procurator and yet you don't know how to open it?" they cried out. "I am not Procurator," he replied, "and he who holds that office is away." Henceforth the commissary had only one idea—to put his hand on the treasure, and with this object, to make the Procurator appear before him. Meanwhile for security, he sealed the lock, and left four men on guard in the room, and two sentries at the door. All the time they were hunting in every corner of the house, he kept on saying to Père Olivaint: "There is something there; you will not make me believe to the contrary. Why can we not have the key then? Where is this Procurator? We wish to speak to him." "I have already told you he does not live here in this house," the Father replied.

The anger of the delegates became terrible; frustrated in their desire, they uttered the most horrible threats, which they seemed quite ready to carry out. Père Olivaint had to

pray and reflect before pronouncing a word in answer, which he knew might, and would be, the cause of an arrest; for no man was more than he, master of his words, as of his thoughts.

He said to himself that it would be well to prevent the arrest of several coadjutor Brothers, and if possible, to prevent pillage and sacrilege. Besides, he whom he was calling to a perilous post, was a prudent and courageous man, he therefore hesitated no more. "Monsieur," he said to Lagrange, "they could go to see if the Procurator is at home."—"Yes, certainly," answered the soi-disant commissary of police; "it is he I want to see."—"Go then, Brother," added the Father Superior, addressing the sacristan who stood near him. And he whispered softly, "without that, they will return to-morrow, and this will all be over again; it will be better to finish to-night." Lagrange called out, "Set four men to accompany the citizen!"

Later on, when Père Olivaint was at La Roquette, on the eve of his death, he volunteered to speak to Père Bazin of this circumstance, which seemed to need explanation. "Father," he said, "there is something which may have surprised you in my conduct with regard to Père Caubert."—"It is true," he answered, "I could not understand it."—"I saw well," continued Père Olivaint, "that I was going to expose him to danger, but, on the other hand, I should perhaps so be able to save others and the house with them; then I said to myself, 'Père Caubert is a saint; the worst that can happen to him is to die, and his death will be a happy one.'"

When the Brother arrived at the retreat of Père Caubert, he found him engaged in prayer. It was then about half-past ten in the evening. After a brief explanation, he said simply to the Brother: "The key is yonder; is it necessary for me to go there?" "The Father Superior is greatly embarrassed, and calls for you." At these words the obedient religious rose, took his hat, and departed at once.

All this was an affair of only twenty minutes. When he perceived Père Caubert coming, in lay costume, Père Olivaint said to Lagrange: "Here is the Procurator." Père Caubert quietly explained that there was nothing in the chest: the siege had exhausted the last resources of the

house, and they had been obliged, only a few days before, to borrow four hundred francs to pay the butcher and the baker. In fact, the coffer was found to be quite empty. Lagrange, furious, returned to his men: "We are robbed," he cried, "but these are only Jesuitical tricks; they are perfectly well known. Well, since this is the case, I arrest you, Monsieur the Superior, and you, Monsieur the Procurator, by the order of the Prefect of Police, and of the Commune. You are to follow us."—"Be it so, we will follow you," answered the two future martyrs, with one voice and one heart.

Among the vociferations and insults of the soldiers, Père Olivaint was heard to say in a steady voice, "It is well!" Under the guard of two young communists, he went for an instant to his room, where he took out a little of his linen and his breviary, and drank a glass of water. He soon came to the door with Père Caubert who was waiting and praying for him and Père Lefèvre, who vainly entreated that they would take him with his dear brothers.

A considerable crowd filled the street and men were stationed at the door. No carriage could be found. The long distance had to be traversed on foot.

Although it was then half-past eleven at night, the communists lingered, and would not answer to the call of the drum. "We have not been to the cellar," they cried out. "We have forgotten the best thing of all." Lagrange tried to appease them, by promising them that they should soon return. All that they could gather together —for many had disappeared—were formed into an escort, and thus attended, the two captives began their march. In the crowd, some said "These are suspected persons;" but others said "Why have you brought them? what have they done to you?" The greater number however showed a silent sympathy; the Fathers raised their hats in salutation as they passed, and Père Olivaint, with a smiling face and in the most natural way, said "Good-day, gentlemen."

Citizen Lagrange, after this easy exploit, went with his troop to the Place Vendôme, and left it to a picquet of armed men, to bring the prisoners to the office of the Prefecture de Police. The journey was a very painful one. A personal friend who followed afar, to learn the

end, saw Père Olivaint stop short at the end of the Rue Dauphiné exhausted and seemingly unable to advance. One of his guards had to take his arm, to support and lead him along. Since Jesus Himself willed to fall under His cross, we know that strength may possibly be found wanting to courage.

The two prisoners, on their arrival, were shut up in separate cells. The night had hardly ended, when steps sounded in the corridor announcing the arrival of a new hostage. This was Abbé Pelot, secretary general to the Archbishop of Paris. "They took me to a cell," he related afterwards, "and soon I heard myself called in a low voice. Père Olivaint was holding out his hand to me as it were, by saying '*Ibant gaudentes.* It is for the same Master, is it not?' I cannot tell you what a consoling impression was made on me by these words." Early in the morning, Père Olivaint having procured writing materials, sent M. Lefévre the following letter:—"My dear friend, you have lost this good opportunity for which you had so longed. Truly I pity you in our Lord. It is not very bad here. The cell is still more modest than mine in the Rue de Sèvres; this is a gain. I really believe we prayed less well in the Rue de Sèvres than here. I am making my retreat, I began yesterday evening. In truth, I look for more fruit from this retreat than from any former ones. How good then is our Lord, and how good it is to abandon ourselves to Him! . . . Would you inform M. Balenoy of all that has happened to me, and tell him to be very quiet. I know nothing of my companions in the Rue Chaumont. I think of them as here with M. Caubert and me. I hope that you will be able to see me. They tell me the director here is M. Garreau who they also say is very accessible. I am at the Préfecture de Police, 'No. 65.'

"What a strange thing is habit; just now a domestic, in sweeping the passage, knocked against my door, and I called out '*Come in*,' in that decisive tone which used formerly to amuse you. I am amused at it myself: for why should we be sad?

"Tell all who may speak of me, not to be discouraged. '*Quare tristes es, anima mea, et quare conturbas me? Spera in Deo quoniam adhuc confitebor illi.*'

"Two little commissions on the first opportunity I would ask of you; some glasses which I want for my bad eyes, and I would also like to have the 'Doctrine Spirituelle' of P. Lallemand, which is in my prie-dieu. My thanks to him, who with so much devotion, last evening joined in the sad procession through the house. My thanks to you first of all.

"May all good be yours,—all yours in heart."

On the morning of Holy Wednesday, the prisoners had the pleasure of seeing each other for an instant while the necessary legal formalities were gone through. When they were questioned as to their names and quality, Père Olivaint did not hesitate to answer, "Pierre Olivaint, Priest and Jesuit," thus proclaiming as a glorious title, this qualification so dangerous and so detested. Père Caubert, leaning towards an ecclesiastic who stood near him, said softly, "Victims are needed, and it is God Who has chosen them."

On that same day the Commune published a proclamation and a decree which filled honest men with horror.

"*Article* 4. All the accused men now imprisoned, by the verdict of the jury of accusation, will be the hostages of the people of Paris.

"*Article* 5. Every execution of a prisoner of war, or of a partisan of the regular Government of the Commune of Paris will be immediately followed by the execution of three times the number of hostages retained in virtue of Article 4, who will be chosen by drawing lots."

The sentence of death therefore rested on the head of each prisoner. Père Olivaint did not seem to be moved by it. An honest gaoler speaking of him to Abbé Pelot who occupied the next cell to his, exclaimed "What an extraordinary man! He has just told me that even if they put him into a hole, he will not be weary of it."

On the evening of Holy Thursday, a cellular carriage arrived at Mazas, with Monseigneur Darboy, President Bonjean, Père Ducoudray, Père Clerc and Père Bengy. The remaining seventeen who were made prisoners at l'Ecole Geneviève were released on April 12, without knowing to whose intervention they owed their liberation.

Père Olivaint and Père Caubert alone remained at the

Depôt of the Prefecture of Police, always in the most rigorous solitary confinement.

"To date history from this time," says Père de Ponlevoy, "I truly believe is like writing an episode of the Catacombs. The Church is always very fruitful in generous souls, but it is trial above all which lays bare the secrets of hearts."

The two captives, separated by the walls of the dungeon, were nevertheless closely bound together in community of thought and feeling. "Courage and confidence," Père Olivaint wrote on Good Friday, April 7; "let us say again, and always, 'How good is our Lord!'" On his side, Père Caubert wrote: "Confidence in God gives strength, and our Lord is the support of those who hope in Him."

Easter Day found them with peace in their hearts, and alleluias on their lips. We have a long and beautiful letter from Père Olivaint written at this date. "I am sure I shall be forestalling your wishes in sending you news of myself, for with a little effort of imagination you may believe me to be dead or at least very unhappy. Undeceive yourself, and comfort those who are so kind as to be anxious about me. You will say I have a strange disposition, but I really am not so badly off here. I put myself into retreat when I arrived; in this way I manage to live more in the Heart of God than in my poor cell. Thus I cheat times and places, men and events, of their power to pain me; I profit by all, and I am well content. I have already had three days of retreat. Provided they give me time to finish it. . . . Ah! What have I said? I must at once retract those words, and say rather, that I desire most earnestly for all my companions the trial may not last that eight days. . . . .

"But where will it end? Where are we in relation to it? What is passing? What do they want of us? Of what crime are we accused? I know nothing of all this. Well! I leave it all to Providence. Not a hair of my head shall fall without the permission of God; this I know well and if He allows the hair to fall, and more besides, it will be for my greater good. But I am not worthy to suffer for Him, although I am trying by this retreat to become more worthy. . . .

"Now for some commissions. First procure me a walk of a kilometre in length, which I can arrange in my room, for we have not yet set foot out of doors. If you can also send me a little *condensed air*, after the fashion of the English milk, I should be extremely obliged, for the reason that we are always shut up. I see you are in great pain and trouble because your devotion is hindered by the impracticability of my requests! Be consoled, these absurdities will tell you plainly enough that, in reality, I have need of nothing. It is a great privation to spend my Easter here;—but patience, we shall sing our alleluias with all our hearts nevertheless. Courage, confidence."

On the following day he wrote to Père Lefèvre: "Dear friend, to-day, April 10, is the sixth day since our arrest; how quickly time passes! Caubert said to me when we met for a moment to have our names entered in the gaol book (how droll to be entered there!) that I should not have time to make a retreat. And yet here I am nearly at the end of it, and astonished to find that six days have passed since I came. I have put here my 'prelude of place' for the contemplation of the first of the two standards.* It is clear that we are prisoners of war. How long is it to last? I wish I could have some news of what is going on, but I leave all to God! I like to remember, as I cannot now read it, the seventeenth chapter of Book iii. of the 'Imitation,' and it does me good.

"I was going to say, there is nothing new. But I have heard one sad piece of news—that Père Ducoudray and Père Clerc are gone to Mazas. This is the probable order we have to expect. '*Go to Mazas.*' And afterwards we can have no other prison but Purgatory! And after that? Then Heaven! How vile earth becomes to me when I look up to heaven."

Some devoted souls organized a little service of refreshment, which continued to be carried out without hindrance to the end. Three times a week they brought the prisoners some provisions, which, thanks to the kindness of their guardians, were distributed among their companions in captivity. But the souls of the Fathers, deprived of the Eucharistic Bread, suffered from a hunger

* Spiritual Exercises, St. Ignatius.

which no human food could appease. An attempt had been made to obtain from the Procurator of the Commune permission for the Priests who were detained as hostages, to celebrate the Holy Mass; but he had brutally replied to their request: "Bah! they have other things to do!"

But charitable hearts, far from being disconcerted, were made only more ingenious by this repulse. They managed to establish a safe communication with the interior of the prison, and by this means they informed Père Olivaint and Père Caubert that they would shortly, like the martyrs of old, receive in their prison a visit from the Hidden God. The Sacred Host was wrapped by a Priest in a small corporal and enclosed in a triple box, and a courageous woman undertook to convey the dangerous and holy treasure to the imprisoned Fathers.

"On April 13th," she says, "I was charged to carry the Holy Eucharist to Pères Olivaint and Caubert, who were detained at the Depôt de la Préfecture de Police.

"The outer door was guarded by a hundred communists well armed, and no one could go through without a passport signed by Raoul Rigault himself, so strict were the orders. With great difficulty the passport had been obtained, but a Divine Providence was watching over our venerated prisoners.

"I arrived there deeply moved, carrying suspended round my neck the Holy Eucharist confided to me by Père Hubin. As I was crossing the court, a brave man, formerly an employé of the house, came up to me, and said very low: 'Poor lady, in what sad times we live! I suppose you are come to see some relations?' We exchanged a look full of sadness, I passed him and entered a low hall, where they used to bring all who were arrested by order of the Commune, whence after a short examination, they were thrown into prison. I have assisted there at some distressing scenes.

"A woman who had been long employed at the Depôt showed much goodness and devotion to our two prisoners; it was she who gave them the provisions which were regularly sent to them. When she saw me arrive on April 13th, with the usual provisions, she said to me in a low voice: 'The Fathers are there, behind that door, with the other prisoners, in order to be transferred

to Mazas immediately; they are waiting for the carriage which is to conduct them there.' She added, 'I will go and tell the Fathers that you are bringing them some provisions, but I do not think that they can take them, because they have been ordered to leave behind them all objects that may encumber them on their journey.' Then I prayed her to ask them only if they would consent to carry with them two precious little boxes that I had been charged to bring them. This excellent gaoler after having taken my message, came back and told me, that they accepted willingly, and then as she guessed what was the nature of my commission, she approached me, and opened the two pockets of a very clean white apron that she wore, and signed to me myself to put in them the two little boxes which she immediately carried to the Fathers, and they told her to thank me fervently.

"The prisoners waited an hour behind this sad door which separated us! I shall never forget this hour so full both of hope and of anguish. I wanted to see them pass, and to receive their blessing!

"At last people came to say that, as they had not been able to find a carriage, they could not transfer the prisoners till half-past nine in the evening, and they were therefore ordered to return to their cells."

They were no longer alone, for with them dwelt One Who had said to His Apostles: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

"I am at Mazas," Père Olivaint wrote the next day, April 14. "I have been so delighted with what you sent yesterday, but I finished it before leaving the Conciergeries. When you are able to send me more, I shall be very happy."

As he was getting into the carriage, which was to take him from one dungeon to another, Père Olivaint recognized M. Bayle, Vicar-General of Paris, who was one of his companions in captivity, and leaning towards him he pronounced for the third time, the immortal words "'IBANT GAUDENTES!'—It is truly so," he added, "from tribunal to tribunal." Père Ducoudray on his side had given without previous concert, the same heroic word of command to those who followed him. So the same

words had fallen from the lips of both these men whose hearts were one in Jesus Christ.

Mazas is a house where the most rigorous measures are taken, to secure that the prisoners shall be absolutely deprived of all communication with the outside world, and even with their companions in captivity. There the martyrs were treated worse than malefactors, priests in particular had much to suffer, above all, when they were left at the mercy of the director Garreau, who had a furious hatred to religion. This man tried to appal them with the most atrocious threats, and they knew him to be the confidant of Raoul Régault. "If the troops from Versailles enter Paris," he repeated, "the capital will be set on fire, all the Priests who are here will be shot, Paris will become only a heap of ruins and corpses." But Père Olivaint remained tranquil and full of joy.

"Give my best thanks," he wrote on April 17, "to all the persons who are interested in my fate. Tell them I have nothing to complain of, my health is good, and I have not a moment of weariness in my retreat which I am keeping up to the end; I am now at the thirteenth day, in the very midst of the Passion of our Lord, and I see how good it is for those who are trying to suffer something with Him. Ever more and more let us be with God. I know nothing of my companions."

The next day he had without knowing it, quite near him Père Yves Bazin, who had been arrested at the moment when he was leaving Paris with a coadjutor brother, and was taken a prisoner to Mazas. He discovered by a sad sign the presence of his superior. "It gives me much pain," he wrote from his prison, "to hear almost every night the dreadful cough which is troubling one of my friends whom you love as you do me. He is far from my cell, quite at the end, I believe, of the long corridor, and yet his voice comes to me with a force which makes me fear that with coughing so violently he will break a blood vessel in the chest. It made me quite ill to hear it, even before I recognized it as the voice I loved so well."

If we did not know the energy and determination of

character of Père Olivaint, it would surprise us after this account to hear him say: "Altogether *I am really well in body*, and as to my mind, I seem to be making a retreat of benediction. *Deo gratias!* . . . . Whatever may happen I shall stand firm."

He passed all his time in prayer and in pious reading. "How much I thank you for the books I received yesterday! But the Bible is not complete. This evening when I wished to make a meditation I was caught, for the Prophets were wanting as well as the Gospels. This is not to be wondered at in the country we live in. But all is well '*in Domino*.'"

On April 25, he sent special thanks for a complete Bible; "I should be very grateful," he wrote, "if you would send me the *Explication des Psaumes*, by P. Berthier, and a volume by the same author on the Holy Spirit. *Twenty-first day of retreat*, I shall soon arrive at Pentecost. I am well. *Deo gratias!*"

When the thirtieth day drew near, he exclaimed joyfully: "I never could have hoped that a retreat of a month would be given me, and yet here I am just at the end of it! Well, if at the end of the month, we do not gain our liberty, I shall pursue my retreat, and I hope in this way I shall lose nothing by the prolongation of the trial."

Sometimes he could not quite hide his suffering: "That horrible cannon which roars incessantly. . . . Oh! how bad it makes me feel! But also it makes me pray more for our poor country! If it was only necessary to give my miserable life in order to put an end to that, how quickly my sacrifice would be made! I am in good health, and my heart is full of joy!"

This joy of heart, being supernatural, never left him for an instant. Neither great sorrows nor slight trials could trouble it. "I wrote to you on Friday; my letter must have been lost; let us join this little sacrifice to the others. I asked you for the *Cours d'Ecriture Sainte*, by Glaire—and for the collection of *Meditations* by P. Louis Dupont. . . . But do not trouble yourself to look for them. I shall learn how to do without them as without so many other things. How good it is, to leave all to God! From Him one is never separated. I am learning to admire

more and more in my little solitude, the fatherly goodness of God.

"I asked you also for some coarse thread or fine cord, either black or red, to sew my papers together and a big big needle to suit a blind person. Thank you again and always! I continue well, and happy!"

Three days later, he writes: "Dear friend, I have only good news to send you. My health keeps good, and I have reached the twenty-seventh day of my retreat. How good is our Lord!"

Alas that we have not these precious packets sewn with the big thread and the big needle! After many fruitless searches, it seems that we must give up all hope of finding them. This is a new motive for us to neglect nothing of the treasure which remains to us, and to keep a record here of the smallest notes written by the holy prisoner. These are really his relics, they are the supreme revelation of his soul, and take the place of his testament.

This was the bulletin of his health on May 3. "I hope that these words will reach you. How I thank you for all your goodness! I show my gratitude by my dependence on you. I am sure you wish for news of me and for some details of my life, and I should think myself most ungrateful if I told you nothing. My rheumatism has returned, but I have mastered it, and it is nothing now. My bronchitis has not reappeared; I cough in the morning, but not much. And it does not tire my chest.

"But let us pass to another subject: *I am at the thirty-eighth day of my retreat.* In order to rest a little I have only made three meditations to-day. I bless God always.

"I keep the books you sent the other day; you have been fortunate in finding them. Try to get me, 1st, the *Théologie dogmatique* of P. Schouppe; 2nd, something of St. Teresa's.

"I believe that many of our people are in the same division with me, but no report has reached us. It is a life of complete solitude.

"Our guardians are very honest and very good. They are pleased to bring us the little comforts that are sent to us. The thing most hard to bear is the being without news of all those in whom we are interested, but in the

third book of the 'Imitation,' there is a certain seventeenth chapter which leads me more and more to abandon myself to God."

May 7. "I continue to keep well. I go on with my retreat. I am fast becoming a Carthusian."

On May 9, he asks again for books; the *Théologie Morale* of P. Gury, the little *Histoire de l'Eglise* by Abbé Darras. "Health good and the retreat always goes on well. This will tell you that I am not becoming melancholy. Fiat!"

Again,—"Do not be anxious about warm food for me. I have sometimes had hot things brought me by the Commissionaire, but cold food does me no harm. It is surprising how one shapes oneself to any fate! Say to yourself that after all, I am hardly to be pitied, I receive more than I want, and I have always one consolation, which is, that when I have too much, I can send something to those in whom nobody seems to take an interest. Oh! if only I could as easily help them to find the life of the soul!"

Since the Holy Eucharist had been brought for the first time to the captives in prison, Père Olivaint had ever ceased to sigh for a repetition of the Divine consolation. In a letter dated May 12, he makes a discreet allusion to his desire, in such a manner as to be unintelligible to any who were not in the secret.

"It is a month to-day since I came to Mazas. O how little I ever thought I should come here! After all, if one lives with God, one may be well off even at Mazas.

"I have received your letter and also your *provisions;* thank you again and again, and yet again! But note well: *little jars and little boxes* rather than great ones! I have no want of occupation, *this is the thirty-eighth day of the retreat,* so then I shall have my forty days in the desert, and better than that. But there is no fast here, so we cannot flatter ourselves that we are imitating the angels when you come so quickly to bring me succour. May our Lord grant that you may languish no more, and may He soon give you interior strength and life. *Courage and confidence* always and in whatever circumstances! . . . . My old device, but it is always new."

Two days later, he makes a touching complaint, the only one that he had ever allowed himself to make. "Here are six Sundays passed in the shade! How many days since I have stood at the Altar! Ah! when we are deprived of a blessing how much more we value it!" He was quite indifferent to every privation but this.

"I remain on the ground floor," he writes, "but I should only need to speak to the doctor, M. de Beaunais, if I really needed to make a change for my health's sake. Otherwise, I like better to take things as Providence has appointed them, and if I ask for anything, it is that I believe in so doing, I shall be following the indications of Providence itself. I seem to hear our Lord saying to me, 'Let Me make of you what I will.' Amen O Lord!

"Here I am at the forty-first day of my retreat," he wrote on May 15, to Père Lefèvre. "After to-day I shall meditate only on the Eucharist. Is not that the best way to console myself for not being able to go up to the Altar? If I were a little bird, I would go every morning to hear Mass somewhere, and then I would willingly return afterwards to my cage."

The prisoner could not go out, but God came instead for the second time to visit him. Everything was ready within and without, to bring the Holy Sacrament to the prisoner, but beforehand it was necessary that the captives should be forewarned.

As every letter which came to Mazas, or left it, was opened and read, a plan was contrived of putting little notes into the middle of the rolls before they were baked. This was the tenor of these mysterious missives: "Circumstances are extremely grave. Courage! to-morrow you will receive the Supreme Consolation," and underneath: "You will receive a jar filled with cream, and at the bottom of it you will find what I have told you of." This communication was fully understood by those at Mazas, and an answer sent: '*We shall be very pleased to have a little pot of cream.*' They thought then the experiment might be safely made, so a priest placed four Hosts wrapped in a corporal in a first box, which was again enclosed in another with another corporal and a silk bag with a string attached to hang round the neck. All was placed at the bottom of a jar of cream filled to the brim

and then hermetically sealed. Towards the middle of the day, the little pots and little boxes so eagerly expected and desired, arrived at Mazas. Half-past twelve was the propitious hour when all the prisoners were in their cells. The servants were eager and obliging; at the prison gate they were gratified by a good fee, and inside the cells a gracious welcome awaited them.

Père Olivaint had no sooner suspended the Sacred Treasure he had received round his neck, than he wrote: "I expected nothing more to-day, so my surprise and consolation have been all the greater. Again let me thank you! I have been meditating in the course of my retreat on the Holy Spirit, but now I shall meditate on the Eucharist."

Henceforth we have only a few rapidly written sentences from the pen of Père Olivaint. Someone had inquired of him the time of his meals: he replied, "At noon my little dinner, at seven my little supper, that is to say, I have kept the rule of my Community. It suits my retreat, and by this means I can better continue to live as a religious." The same day was the Feast of the Ascension. "An excellent Feast," he says, "in spite of the bolts and bars! Nothing can prevent the heart from going up to Heaven." Next comes a little note addressed to Père Lefèvre: "Again thank you! By your little letters, I am able afar off to live with you. My family feeling enables me to read between the lines, many things which you may not think you have told me, and this does my heart good!"

"What deplorable events! How well can I understand the weary souls who fled to the desert in old times! But it is better to remain in the midst of difficulties and perils in order to save these unhappy people from utter ruin. My health is good, and after forty-six days, I am not yet tired of my retreat; quite the contrary."

The hour of the final parting was now close at hand, and Père Olivaint felt that it was so. "Thank you with all my heart," he wrote; "Yes, we are almost touching the end. By the grace of God, we try to be ready for any fate! Confidence and prayer! How good is the Lord! If you knew how

sweet, for several days, my little cell has been to me! '*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit:*' Who knows if I shall not look back to it with gratitude, some day? . . . . Tender remembrances to Armand; many things to all; my blessing on our friends and benefactors! I believe that all of us who are here, are well. For me, I keep up wonderfully. Again I say how good is our Lord! My heart is yours . . . . May 19, 1871."

On Monday, May 22, the captives were to leave Mazas, and on the same day, by a providential coincidence, they received for the last time the Viaticum of Salvation. Towards noon, two women, feeble but undaunted, carrying in turn the Precious Burden, were walking about for an hour under a burning sky, across vast deserted quartiers, where the only sound was the roar of the petronelles of the Commune This time, each of our prisoners received four Hosts; those whose death was most distant had only four days more to live.

Towards five in the evening the Procureur Général of the Commune, Raoul Régault with his sword at his side and his revolver in his belt, entered the prison and informed the director Garreau, of a despatch signed by the members of the committee for public safety, in which the order was given to transfer immediately the hostages, such as the Archbishop, Mgr. Darboy, the different curates, Bonjean and all those who were of any importance whatever, to the prison of 'La Roquette,' the depôt of those condemned to death. The list of the hostages was immediately prepared; it comprised fifty-four names, and designated with Mgr. Darboy, thirty-eight priests, among whom were P. Olivaint, P. Ducoudray, P. Clerc, P. Caubert, and P. de Bengy. They had put in requisition some carriages on the Lyons railway, but all that could be procured were two luggage waggons, into which they could only crowd forty prisoners. At nine in the evening the two cartloads, as at the time of 'the Terror,' started in charge of armed communists.

It was a rough journey; seated on simple planks of wood laid across the waggon, exposed to the gaze and insults of the populace, and of the national guard who escorted them, the prisoners travelled slowly through the populous quarters of S. Antoine, and of the Bastille,

where the Revolution was still master. On their arrival at 'La Roquette,' they were welcomed by the applause and vociferations of an immense crowd who shouted "Death to the *calotins!*"

The two carts entered the court of 'La Roquette,' the hostages descended, and were hurried together pell-mell into a parlour which was lighted by a lantern.

The director François, a violent and ferocious man, called over the names himself; and did it with a sort of emphatic slowness, beginning with that of the Archbishop. He looked in an affected manner at Père Caubert and Père Olivaint, for he wished to see, he said, what a Jesuit was made of. Carrying their little packets under their arms and standing close together, the hostages remained immovable, standing and leaning against the wall as well as they could, for their miserable journey had tired them extremely. The selection of the cells in the fourth section, which were awarded to them, seemed to have been made according to the rank of the prisoners. Mgr. Darboy had the first, President Bonjean the second, and so on. As soon as each one of the hostages crossed the threshold of his cell, the door was closed, they pushed out a great bolt, and a turn of the key shut in the wretched man. There was no light; the darkness was complete in these dungeons. "But in several cells," said M. de Ponlevoy, "there was the real Presence of Jesus, whence shone light and peace."

The hostages had for long months endured in the prison of Mazas, absolute isolation. What was their joy therefore when, the day after their arrival, they were made to descend the stairs, and they all met together in the first patrol ground! They embraced each other, they consoled each other, and confessed. "I have seen all your Fathers, and have spoken to them," said an eye-witness; "they were calm and smiling in the evening of their life as at the dawn of a fine day. Père de Bengy had lost none of his coolness and gaiety; Père Caubert none of his gentle and collected manner; Père Clerc, none of his generous alacrity, Père Olivaint, none of his lively energy and his radiant peace."

On the occasion of one of his recreation hours, the former Rector of Vaugirard suddenly found himself face

to face with an old pupil of École Normale who was now thrown into prison for having remained at his post, in this time of danger.

"I had not seen him for thirty-four years," he writes to Père de Ponlevoy, "when we met at the prison of 'La Roquette' on Wednesday, May 24, at the time when all the hostages assembled for exercise. He recognized me, pressed my hand, and embraced me affectionately, not without making a melancholy allusion to all the sad circumstances of this strange meeting, in such a place as this, and after a life on the part of each, so differently Then, taking me aside, Père Olivaint with his hand in mine, talked to me in a grave tone, as a priest and a friend, and wished to assure himself whether I understood, as he did, the nature of our situation, and what we had still to do. Evidently, in heart, his sacrifice was made. Since the previous evening he had given up every thought or ray of hope, and his firm friendship evidently experienced much satisfaction when I owned to him that I saw things as he did, that nothing should separate us in this supreme moment, and that I had had the happiness of obtaining, from my companion in my cell—a priest of the Foreign Missions—that which I should have asked of him, if our meeting had taken place a day before.

"'Very well, my dear comrade,' he said to me with his calm smile, 'but I feel as if you belonged to me, and that I have a little right to be jealous!'

"I saw Père Olivaint the next day, Thursday, after the death of the Archbishop, and also on the Friday, the day on which he himself was to suffer martyrdom. I had the sad pleasure of conversing with him each time; without insisting on the visible imminence of the peril, he evidently tried to turn away the thought of his interlocutor, as well as his own, from all that might arouse vain hopes of release; and his courageous charity made him bravely meet, face to face, a destiny clearly inevitable, and brace up his heart to the level of the last conflict, and in order to overcome a very natural, weakness, he studied to raise and to magnify our sacrifice, which the ties of blood and of family seemed to render so difficult to accomplish. 'With these conditions,

he said, 'a Christian death is truly a second baptism, and we may leave it, with the most entire confidence, to the mercy of God.'

"I much regret not to have been able to press his hand one last time at the moment of the fatal summons. All those who were near him at that supreme hour have borne testimony to the calm and serene firmness and to the heroic simplicity, which he displayed."

Père Olivaint intended to die as he had lived, entirely occupied with the service of God and the salvation of souls. His zeal was ingenious in seizing the least occasion of edifying and strengthening his companions in captivity. "He lent me books," says M. Bayle, vicar-general of Paris, "and he made me promise to begin a retreat. He also showed me a little picture of the Blessed Virgin; in the midst of the tigers' heads which formed the frame the Divine Child was sleeping serenely on His Mother's breast. 'See' he said, as he showed it to me, 'how this represents our state at present.'"

A compassionate veneration induced Père Olivaint to attach himself especially to the Archbishop of Paris. Often the unfortunate Prelate, enfeebled by privation and suffering, remained lying on his pallet. Père Olivaint would sit at his feet, and they would talk together of the past and the present. Could they also have spoken of the future? The only future for them meant after they should have suffered together for Holy Church and for the Name of Jesus! From the day of their arrival at La Roquette, provisions became scarce there, even bread was hard to get. No doubt the fighting which was ever increasing in the streets interfered greatly with the supply of food. Père Olivaint took to Mgr. Darboy what he had left of some cake and some tablets of chocolate, so a poor religious was thus allowed to minister to and to perform an act of charity to an Archbishop of Paris.

"On Tuesday morning," the Abbé Bayle relates again, "I went to see Monseigneur in his cell; I found him seated on his mattress and Père Olivaint seated at his side. I only stayed a moment with them, but their attitude led me to suppose that the Prelate had been giving the religious the greatest possible evidence of his confidence."

May 24, the Fête of Our Lady the Help of Christians,

was a memorable day for the captives, several of whom were to be martyred in the evening. Outside, the city in flames, resounded with the horrible noise of battle; within, a mysterious silence reigned in the cells, which were now transformed into sanctuaries. Père Olivaint carried the Holy Communion to the Archbishop of Paris and to Mgr. Surat, Père de Bengy and to M. Deguerry, curé of the Madeleine. The Divine Manna was so well multiplied, that each of the priests imprisoned in the corridor on the first floor received a part. The laics who all received the Sacramental pardon, united themselves by faith and desire with this Feast worthy of the Catacombs.

The moment was indeed a solemn one. The insurrectionary power, increased by numbers from all parts, had come to be installed in the Mairie of the XIth Arrondissement, only two hundred yards from La Roquette. The executioners were within reach of the victims. The day was nearly ended when the tramp of a troop of armed men sounded on the stairs and along the corridors. Who was to die? The hostages looking through the little aperture in their doors watched and waited. A loud voice cried: "Darboy!"

From the extremity of the passage, the Archbishop, in a calm voice, answered "Present!" They then called successively 'M. Bonjean,' 'M. Deguerry,' 'Pères Clerc and Ducoudray,' and 'Abbé Allard.' For this time, that was all; the lugubrious cortège started, and silence reigned in the fourth section. Some time after their departure, two successive volleys of musketry were heard, followed by several discharges of single guns. The survivors, remaining on their knees in their cells, were praying for the generous victims, whose fate they soon expected to share. In the middle of the night they heard a noise, and they thought their turn had come. The profound silence had been broken suddenly by the heavy step of many men walking about in the corridor. They were opening the cells, and talking in a low voice. It was only the assassins come to divide the spoils of the dead. A gaoler having found in No. 7, which had been occupied by Père Ducoudray, some papers which appeared to him to be valueless, came at once and brought them to Père Olivaint. When he saw them he

could no longer doubt as to the nature of their horrible work, and he called out loudly "A crime!" but the only answer he received was, "Take care, and hold your tongue!"

The hostages remained until the morning in a state of intense agitation, while frightful reports continually rent the air, and the flames kindled by the incendiaries reddened all the sky.

When daylight at last appeared, Père Olivaint said to M. Bayle: "This night I have prayed much for you, I heard some noise at your door, and I thought they had come for you." Then he added that he had been constantly thinking of a passage from the life of St. Francis de Sales, where it is said that this holy Bishop, being one day on the Lake of Geneva in a little boat, was assailed by a frightful tempest; he was carried to the top of the great waves and then suddenly flung down as if into a vast gulf, but he was calm and happy through it all, because, as he said, he had never felt more clearly that he was being carried by the Hand of God.

On his side, Père Caubert, leaning out of his window, and conversing with M. Pelot, his neighbour, was saying to him at the same time: "If you will, we are going to sing; music dissipates sadness, and does us good." And he forthwith began to intone a canticle on the Sacred Heart.

Père de Bengy found in the cell of Père Clerc a note written by him, and dated the day of his death, which gave ample evidence of his sure trust, and of his joyful resignation.

"On Thursday at noon," writes Abbé Lamaison, "they allowed us a recreation all together in the same court as in the evening. The faces were sadder, but the hearts were staunch as ever. I spoke with Père Olivaint for twenty minutes. Although wounded in his tenderest affections, he still preserved a gracious smile on his lips,

"I cannot describe his looks or reproduce his conversation. His face was something truly ideal in beauty, and his words were those of an angel. On the proposition of Mgr. Surat, M. Bayle and Père Olivaint made a vow that if God should deign to save them from

death, they would for three years celebrate on the first Saturday of each month, a Mass of Thanksgiving."

But Père Olivaint looked to quite another means of deliverance, he made his farewells like a traveller on the eve of his departure. "Father," he said to Père Bazin taking his hand, "last evening, two of our Fathers went to Heaven, the call may come to-day for you and for me; we will not separate without an embrace." He talked afterwards with Mgr. Surat, and returning again to M. Bazin, he pressed him closely to his heart saying, "My Father, adieu; we shall probably see each other no more on earth, but we shall meet in heaven."

May 26 fell rightly on a Friday; the day was well chosen on which to mount a hill of Calvary and to suffer a Passion. It was rainy weather; and the prisoners were walking in the sad corridor, in which their cells opened, when, about four in the evening, the Brigadier Ramain appeared. His first word, pronounced in a rough voice, removed all doubt from the minds of the hostages; he was come to seek a 'fournée.' "Attention! answer to your names; I want fifteen." Père Olivaint, the first called, answered at once 'Present,' and crossing the corridor, he placed himself opposite to the prisoners, to commence the file of victims.

After him came the turn of Père Caubert. Ramain had some difficulty in deciphering the name of P. de Bengy, so he offered himself, saying simply, "That is for me." Among the chosen ones there was also the old friend of Père Olivaint, the holy Abbé Planchat, apostle of the young working men of Paris.

As they were just passing the threshold of the prison, Père Olivaint saw that he had still in his hand his Breviary, which dear and holy book, he would henceforth need no more. In order to save it from sacrilegious usage he gave it to the porter, saying, "Here my friend, here is my book." But hardly had the man received this precious legacy, than a Communist officer seized it and threw it into the fire. The porter hastened to rescue it from the flames, as soon as his superior had gone away. He thought to keep it as a relic, and even refused a large price which a distinguished person offered him for it. "Later on," says M. de Ponlevoy, "this honest man

yielded his prize in our favour, without consenting to accept anything in return. It is the Breviary which was so well known to us in No. 4. Blackened by smoke, and half devoured by the flames, it still is marked with the date of May 26."

Meanwhile the gendarmes imprisoned in the first section were coming down two by two and keeping steps. The platoon for the escort opened out that they might pass, after them came the laics, and then the priests.

A signal was given, and the cortège of fifty-two victims began their march. The people of the *quartier*, touched with compassion, watched them pass. At the top of the Rue de la Roquette, a woman called out, "Save yourselves!" and it is certain that had the priests attempted to escape, every house would have opened gladly to receive them.

The procession turned to the left and followed the right-hand side of the boulevard Ménilmontant, by the wall which bounds the cemetery of Père-la-chaise. At the barricade which had been formed on the boulevard, facing Rue Oberkampf, the escort was reinforced by a company of the 74th batallion; then they mounted the long hill of Ménilmontant. So far, only one old priest, P. Tuffier, had been insulted by some of the Communist soldiers; the crowd continued to show sympathy for the fate of the condemned. But when they had reached the Rue de Puebla, an enormous mass of armed vagabonds, composed of galley slaves, deserters, and women drunk and furious, surrounded the hostages on all sides, shouting, "Give your prisoners to us; death to the *Calotins!*" The march became more difficult and more slow, in the narrow Rue de Rigoles which joins the Rue de Puebla. They halted for twenty minutes at the Mairie, which has been since destroyed, of the Twentieth Arrondissement; then a ferocious man, Gabriel Rauvier, called out to the hostages as they passed before him: "You have a quarter of an hour in which to make your will, if that amuses you!" This cruel sentence was received with manifestations of savage joy.

"Go and shoot all that are on the ramparts," Rauvier continued, addressing a man named Emile Gois, who commanded the escort. The crowd then organized a

sort of triumphal procession. A vivandière, dressed in red, sabre in hand, went first on horseback; after her, drums and clarionets sounded the charge, then followed a young man, a sort of acrobat, who danced as he went along, juggling with his gun. The armed crowd pressed closely on the hostages, women rushed forward to thrust at them with spears, to give them blows with their fists. "Here, here," they cried, "let us kill them here." The Rue de Paris through which they followed, is very long, and it was truly for the martyrs a *via dolorosa*. The soldiers who were of their number behaved admirably, from behind them the priests in a loud voice exhorted them to die well. Round the victims, the crowd sang, and danced, and howled; they pelted the prisoners with stones and other heavy missiles. At the cross formed by the intersection of the Rue de Paris with the Rue Haxo, the head of the cortège stopped, while those behind continued to march, and there ensued a confusion which permitted some of their enemies to come close to the hostages, and strike them in the face. They could not agree as to the place of execution, till at last a voice called out, "Let us go to Parent," and this advice was immediately followed. Hippolyte Parent, the last commander-in-chief of the insurrection, had just established there his head-quarters; General Varlin, and three other members of the Commune, with a good number of Communist officers, were near him, when they suddenly heard an immense clamour. It was the crowd arriving, dragging the hostages with them. They rushed down the long walk bordered by houses, which forms the 'city,' properly so-called. When the hostages had entered it, they closed a thick wooden barrier behind them, but this was immediately broken down by the crowd. Varlin, a member of the Commune, wished to oppose the massacre, but they cried out to him, "Go out, you lawyer, these people belong to the justice of the people." The hostages, pressed by the crowd, and driven into a square place, separated by a low wall from a garden, courageously awaited their death.

There was but little delay. The soldiers could be heard loading the guns, then a man jumped on a cart, and read a paper which he held in his hand, while the

people applauded. Then it was that a butcher, Victor Bênot, colonel of the Gardes de Bergeret, the incendiary of the Tuilleries, rushed out of a house, shouting "Death to them!"

The horrible massacre began at once. An old priest threw himself before a gendarme, in order to protect him, and received the first shots. They made the unhappy soldiers jump over the little wall, so that they might shoot them 'flying,' and they obeyed. The priests refused to do this, and one of them said: "We are ready to confess our faith, but it would not do for us to die making 'gambades!'"

The butchering lasted an hour. Then, in order to kill the wounded, they set to work to trample on them; they riddled them with gun and pistol shots, stabbed them with bayonets, and only stopped their horrid work when all were found to be quite dead.

Père de Bengy was left almost cut to pieces, his clothes were perforated by bullets and torn by sabres and bayonets, his scapular covered with blood still hung over his heart with his crucifix twisted by bullets. Père Caubert would have been quite unrecognisable, but for the little empty bag hanging round his neck, with his crucifix. Père Olivaint had received a ball in the middle of his heart. The right half of his skull had been shot away and his jaw broken. On his breast were found, with the medal of the Œuvre de la Première Communion, his reliquary, and the note book in which he had entered the victories and defeats of his particular examen.

The next day some Communists came to despoil the dead; they then threw into a pit the fifty-two sadly disfigured corpses.

Père Olivaint had said beforehand that "France needed to be redeemed with blood, not the blood of guilty people, which is lost in the soil, and remains mute and sterile, but that of just men, which cries to Heaven, insisting on justice and imploring mercy."

On the 26th May, for the second time, the blood of the just had been poured out, and on the next day the Commune was finally vanquished. On the Sunday of Pentecost, Paris came out of her smoking ruins, and the French army could rejoice that it had achieved the patriotic work of her deliverance. On that day, after

laborious efforts had been made the precious remains of Père Olivaint and his companions were at last discovered. About ten o'clock in the evening they were enclosed in three coffins and taken to the house in the Rue de Sèvres, where they were placed near the venerated remains of Père Ducoudray and Père Clerc. On Wednesday, May 31, the Jesuit Church which had been closed for nearly two months, was reopened to receive the bodies of those whom the public voice already saluted by the title of 'Martyrs.' Priests and religious, officers and deputies from Versailles filled both nave and choir. An indescribable emotion stirred the hearts of all in the presence of the mortal remains of these five religious, who had gone about in the world, doing good, and whose death had been even more generous than their lives.

The Chapel dedicated to the holy Martyrs of Japan in the Jesuit Church seemed to be the most fitting place for the repose of those who in Paris had imitated their heroism so well. The body of Père Olivaint was laid at the foot of the Altar between the tombs of his four companions, and on the white marble beneath which he rests, is engraved this inscription composed by Père Victor de Buck:—

DUM SUB ALTARI DEI PONUNTUR
REQUIESCANT HOC LOCO OSSA
PETRI OLIVAINT PARISII
PRESBYTERI SOCIETATIS JESU
HUIC DOMUI PRAEFECTI
VIXIT ANNOS LV MENSES III DIES IV
PRO PIETATE MORTEM OPPETIIT
VII KAL. JUN. A.D. MDCCCLXXI
HIC EST VERE MARTYR QUI PRO CHRISTO
SANGUINEM FUDIT.

"Until they are placed under the Altar of God, the bones of Peter Olivaint, of Paris, Priest of the Society of Jesus, and Prefect of this house, rest in this place. He lived fifty-five years, three months and four days. He suffered death for the cause of religion, May 26th, 1871. This is truly a martyr who has shed his blood for Christ."

A POOR MAN'S NOTION OF THE CHURCH.

GEORGE Stephens, on coming out of the village 'public,' where he had called on his way home, was accosted by a fellow workman, Peter Gray, and the following conversation was carried on between them:—

Peter: Good evening, George.

George: Good evening, Peter. I have just been into the 'Cross-keys' for half-a-pint; but it is as hot inside as it is out!

Peter: Eh? how's that? what's up?

George: Well, the new parson has come, and he preached his first sermon yesterday.

Peter: What has that got to do with it?

George: You see, there is young Joe Green, the clerk's son, and old Dick Smith in there, and they have been going it poker and tongs. You know that young Joe's father was made parish clerk by the last parson, and so they stuck to him: and he was high church? The new parson is low church, they say. Dick Smith says that he is right, and that they didn't use to have flowers, and candlesticks, and brass crosses in his day. I'll tell you what it is, Peter. I am quite puzzled about these churches, as they call them. Why, there is parson Wright of Brightstone says there is no salvation at all without baptismal regeneration; and parson Brown of Langton says that it is all a pack of nonsense, and that parson Wright is all wrong. And blest if I didn't hear parson Blunt of Bleasly tell us one thing in the morning

in his own church, and just the very opposite at night when he took the service in the next parish!

As George said this, he puffed vigorously at his short pipe, gave a tug at the basket he was carrying over his shoulders, and put down his feet as if he were vexed. Peter looked at him with a little twinkle in his eye, and said:

Well, and what did you think of it?

George: Think of it?—Why, I thought that parson told a lie either morning, or afternoon, and tried to make God a liar too! Never went to hear him again! It's too bad of them,—trying to deceive us poor folks! There is the high church, and the low church; the broad church, and the narrow 'vangelical church, and ever so many more of them, besides the Wesleyans, and Baptists, and lots of others. And it is not in little things only that they differ. Some say that you will be damned if you *don't* do this; and some say that you will be damned if you *do* do it. I want to save my soul, and get to heaven, but how *can* I do it, when these 'versity men contradict each other, and send us all different ways?

Peter: You can do it, George, easily enough, if you like. God did not mean only the rich and the learned to be saved, but the poor and ignorant as well.

George: Easy to be done, is it? Then just tell me how!

Peter: Read the Bible, and use your common sense.

George: That's just what I *have* done. And all those blessed parsons too; they read the Bible, and just see how they contradict one another!

Peter: Ah, George! You only do half of what I recommend you. You don't use your common sense. Doesn't St. Peter tell us that in the letters of St. Paul *there are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and the unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction?** Our blessed Lord did not teach in English, nor did the Apostles write in

* St. Peter ii. 16.

English. What do you know of Latin or Greek, or Hebrew? Or, how do you know that you have got a true translation of what they said or wrote?

Well, Master Peter (said George rather sharply), I don't know that you are so much better off than I am. I didn't know that you were so learned a scholar!

Peter: That is just it, George. I am no better scholar than yourself: and, therefore in these matters I go to the proper quarter.

George: And what is the proper quarter?

Peter: Well, *I* go to the Church, for everybody knows that Christ said to His Apostles, *he that heareth you heareth Me*: *and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me.** And if a man *will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican.* †

George: Ah! Now I did think you were going to help me a bit; but you have landed me in the mud as deep as I was before. I have just bought Whitaker's Almanack for this year, and I'm blessed if there are not 231 different religions, or churches, as some folks call them, in this country of ours. How am I to know which is the right one?

Peter: Before I answer that, George, let me ask you one or two questions. Why did Christ come into the world at all?

George: Oh, I think I can answer you there! Why, to redeem us from our sins, and to teach us the way to heaven.

Peter: And now, what do you mean by *the Church?*

George: I can't put it quite right at once. I have not thought about it. There are plenty of churches and chapels all over the country, but I don't mean one of them.

Peter: Well, I will tell you what I mean by *the Church*: and I think that you will agree with me. You have just told me that one of the reasons why Christ came into

* St. Luke x. 16. † St. Matt. xviii. 17.

the world, was to teach us the way to heaven, and there I agree with you. The Acts tell us that He remained only forty days on the earth after His resurrection. Now in order to keep up His teaching He established a kind of club, or society, or church, or spiritual kingdom as He sometimes calls it.

George: And a very good way it is, too!

Peter: Well, George, you have got a pretty middling sized family, with that dozen boys and girls of yours. Now suppose that you had some great secret that would make them, and their children, and grandchildren, happy and rich as long as they kept together and followed your directions, what would you do to keep them all right "for ever and ever"? You know that they are all right as long as you are with them, with authority over them.

(After a few minutes' silence, George turned half round towards Peter, so as to bring him to a standstill, —struck the ground with his stick, gave a good nod with his head, as if he had mastered an idea, and said:)

I'll tell you what I would do, Peter! I would take some of them, and interest them thoroughly in all I knew myself, and tell them how to do it; and I would put one of them in my place with my authority, and tell him to govern: and I would order the rest to obey. Andrew is the oldest; and Johnny is very loving: but Simon is the one to govern, so I would make him the head. And I would tell them what would be the consequence if they began to quarrel. They should not break up the firm, or club; but those that would not obey should be turned out, and disinherited. They might set up for themselves if they liked, but they should not belong to me, nor have my authority, nor my blessing. There now, Peter, that's what I would do, and I think it is good sound common sense.

(And the old man gave another blow with his stick, and another nod with his head, and then they both trudged on again homewards.)

Peter: Well, George, I agree with you perfectly, and I think that you *have* spoken good sound common sense. And now, don't you think that Christ, Who is called the Eternal Wisdom, and Who is the Son of God, and had all the knowledge and wisdom of God, because He was God, must have used as much common sense in founding His firm, or club, or society, or His spiritual kingdom, or His Church, as you would do in arranging the affairs of your family, or your club, or your firm? The fact is, you would do for your children just what Christ *has* done for us in His Church.

George: Just tell me how.

Peter: Instead of having a mere trade secret to pass on to his family, Christ wanted to establish a society, that is, His Church, which should firmly hold His doctrine, and teach it purely and correctly until the end of the world; and should be the means of applying to the souls of men the merits of His Passion and Death, to help them to save their souls. What does He do? Why, He picks out some twelve of His followers, and He has them with Him day and night for three years, and gives them special instructions. He speaks to the multitudes in parables, but to these twelve He explains them; because, as He tells them, it is necessary that they should know the secrets of the Kingdom of Heaven.* He divides His followers into various classes, and gives them different duties, or offices, in His society, or Church. Thus He had His seventy-two disciples, who were in the lower offices, and whom He merely sent before Him to the places where He was going, to prepare the people for His coming. But it was the Apostles who were His chief officers, and he gives them special powers and authority. In the New Testament we find that there were deacons, priests, and bishops, with different duties, and different powers.

George: What were these powers?

Peter: Some of them were personal gifts; and others

* St. Matt. xiii. 11.

belonged to their office, and were to be passed on for the benefit of the Church as long as it should last, that is, till the end of the world. Among these last was the authority to preach, and to baptize: *Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.** And He made them priests, and gave them power to consecrate, when at His Last Supper He commanded them to do what He had done.† And besides this, He did just what the Queen does when she sends her best lawyers as her judges, and gives them her power to try criminals, to acquit, or punish them as they deserve. And He did this with a remarkable ceremony; for first of all He breathed on them, and then He said: *Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.*‡ Of course, it is no power of their own that they exercise, just as in Baptism.

George: Well, well, Peter, you do astonish me! But suppose that one of those who had this power, or authority, should fall into sin himself,—what then?

Peter: Oh! there is no difficulty at all. Every priest and bishop, and even the Pope himself, goes to confession. And the more holy they are, the mere frequently do they go. It is with them just as it is with her Majesty's lawyers and judges. If one of them should break the law, he would be tried and condemned by the others. And if the Lord Chancellor himself was a wicked man, that would not affect his decisions as a judge. Why, only a short time ago one of the judges was struck dead while he was committing an abominable sin; but that did not annul the decisions he had given during the afternoon previously. Nor, if he had lived, would it have affected his sentences of the following morning. The validity of

* St. Matt. xxviii. 19. † St. Luke xxii. 19.
‡ St. John xx. 22.

his judgments did not depend on his goodness, but on the authority which had been given him to pass sentence. It is just the same as regards the confession and absolution of sin.

George: Well, Peter, there is still one point which I think very important. If every one of my lads and lasses were to have his and her own way, there would soon be an end of it. And if every one of those twelve, and of their successors, were to do as he liked, the same thing would happen with the Church of Christ itself. In fact, it has happened; and that is the cause of there being so many churches and chapels, and of *your* differing from *me*.

Peter: Stop a bit, George: not quite so fast. You are forgetting what you have already acknowledged, that our Lord is, at least, as wise as yourself, and that if you see that it is necessary for some one to take your place, and to speak and act with authority in order to keep your children and grandchildren together, He must have seen that it was necessary for Him to do the same for this society, which is to include all nations, and to last till the end of the world. Why, He *has* done just what you say that you *would* do: and if you had only lived before Him, you might have said that He took His idea from you! As he was God He foresaw what would happen, and He foretold His apostles what would be the case, to put them, and all who came after them, on their guard: *There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs, and wonders, insomuch as to deceive (if possible) even the elect. Behold, I have told it to you beforehand.** But He was not satisfied with merely telling them of the danger. He took measures to prevent the thing from happening as far as He could.

George: Well, what did He do?

Peter: Why, He took one of those twelve whom He specially instructed,—not the oldest, mind you; nor the one that came to Him first; nor the one that He loved the most;—but the one that He knew would make the

* St. Matt. xxiv. 24.

best head. And He changed his name that everybody might know his office and his duty, and gave him authority over the rest.

George: You surprise me, Peter; but where is it?

Peter: You remember that when God chose Abram to be the Father of the faithful, He changed his name to Abraham: and He changed Jacob's name into Israel. And Christ did the same thing to St. Peter, to make known his office. The first time that He saw him, He said to him: *Thou art Simon, the son of John: Thou shall be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter* (or, The Rock).* And St. Matthew tells us *why* his name was changed. Peter had made that grand profession of belief in his divinity, and then Christ says: *Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona* (the Son of John) *because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but My Father who is in heaven, and I say to thee: That thou art Peter: (the rock) and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven.*†

George: That *is* strong, Peter, But Christ only promised him the power. He did not give it him. And Peter denied Him after that.

Peter: Quite true, George. Peter, through cowardice, *did* deny that he knew our Lord: but he never denied the Divinity of his Master, nor lost his faith. And it was after this occurred that Christ fulfilled His promise. It was after His Resurrection, when He was standing on the banks of the sea of Galilee, when He first of all made Peter do public penance for having denied him—by causing him to confess Him three times in the presence of the other Apostles that they might know His forgiveness, and never upbraid him for his fall—that He kept His promise, and made him the Shepherd or head

* St. John i. 42. † St. Matt. xvi. 17.

of the whole flock, by commissioning him not only to feed the lambs, but to be a shepherd over the sheep, who feed the lambs.* And He then explained what He meant when He promised to give him the keys of heaven, for He then breathed on them, and said: *Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall, retain they are retained.*†

George: I have you now, Peter. That power of forgiving sins was not given to Peter only, but to all the eleven.

Peter: You are quite right, George. These words were addressed to all the eleven; for the power of forgiving sins, or of acting as judges, was given to them all, and belongs to the office of apostles, as bishops. But it was to St. Peter alone that He entrusted His flock, and he alone was told to shepherd it, that is to govern it. It was to him alone that Christ said: *Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren.*‡ He was the one to keep them all right.

George: And have you anything else to say?

Peter: Yes, and something very important. As Christ intended His Church to last to the end of the world, and foresaw the dangers and difficulties it would meet with from some out of the Church, through persecutions, and from some within it, who would wish to start on their own account, He established precautions against them. The very last words of St. Matthew's Gospel are these: *and Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven, and on earth. Going, therefore,*

* Peter was quite right. According to the Greek version, after the first interrogation, our Lord says: "*Feed My lambs.*" After the second, He says: "*Be a shepherd to My sheep.*" And then, after having made him the shepherd over the whole flock, He tells him to fulfil his duty over those who feed the lambs: "*Feed My sheep.*" (St. John xxi. 15.)

† St. John xx. 22. ‡ St. Luke xxii. 31.

teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.

George: But one of our homilies, that were appointed to be read in our churches, says that the whole Church fell into damnable idolatry for the space of eight hundred years or more; and therefore they reformed it.

Peter: George, George! where is your common sense? Cranmer, or whoever wrote it, says one thing, and the Son of God says the opposite: which will you believe?

George: Oh! God forbid that I should hesitate a minute about it. But I didn't see it in that light.

Peter: It is the right light, however.

George: But has this view been acted upon?

Peter: Of course it has from that day to this. Who was it that presided over the election of St. Matthias in the place of Judas, but St. Peter?† Who began the preaching of the gospel in Jerusalem on the first Whit-Sunday but St. Peter?" Who summed up the discussion in the First Council of Jerusalem, and settled it with such authority, that when he had spoken, *all the multitude held their peace*?§ No one but St. Peter. And when St. Paul had been preaching in Arabia away from the rest of the Apostles, and returns to Jerusalem, to whom does he go for confirmation of all he had taught and done, but to St. Peter, with whom he remained for fifteen days?‖ And that all the bishops of the Catholic Church throughout the world, ever since the time of the Apostles down to our own days, have obeyed the successor of St. Peter, is so well known that it is actually made a reproach to them.

The old men walked on for a few minutes in silence, when George said:

* St. Matt. xxviii. 18.

† Acts i. 15.

‡ Acts ii. 14.

§ Acts xv. 21.

‖ Gal. i. 18.

Well, Peter, I must knuckle down, and knock under. It goes very much against the grain, but you have got common sense, and history, and sacred scripture on your side, and I must, and I will, put myself into what I now see was, and is, and must be the one true Church of Christ. There is but one God, and there can be but one true Church.

Peter: I am glad to hear what you say, George, for if any one wilfully lives and dies out of the Church, because he will not take the trouble to find it out when he doubts about his position; or will not enter it through fear of temporal losses, or of what people will say to him, he must take the consequences. You remember what our Lord says in St. Matthew:* *He that shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, the Son of Man will also be ashamed of him when He shall come in the glory of His Father with the Holy Angels.*

George: Oh! I am not going to be ashamed of being a Catholic. It seems to me to be the true religion, and I have as much right to my opinion as any body else as to his.

Peter: So you have, George. But our Lord has said, *If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.*† You are sure to have your cross to carry. I should not be surprised at your being turned out of your place.

George: What! Farmer Smirke turn me out, because I follow my own opinion? He is always talking about the glory of being an Englishman, because he can do as he likes! I am as much an Englishman as he is, and I have as much right to my opinion as he as to his. My being a Catholic won't make me a worse workman than I was! If he turns me out because I become a Catholic, it will be a nasty, mean, low, trick.

Peter: Here, George, we are close at home. I will just remind you of that common-sense remark of our

* vii 38. † St. Matt. xvi. 24.

Lord: *What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?*

George: Oh, I have made up my mind! I am not going to be dictated to in this matter by Farmer Smirke or any one else. I intend to examine into this matter, and if I find that the Catholic Church is the true Church, I shall be a Catholic, let them say and do what they please.

Peter: Then go to the Presbytery to-morrow evening and Father Augustine will instruct you. And as you will want a few books to read, I will recommend a few. In the first place, of course, is the *Catechism of Christian Doctrine* (1d.), and *Facts of Faith* (6d.). Then I recommend the shilling volumes called, *The Church of Old England*.† For prayer books, get the *Garden of the Soul* (6d.), the *Prayer and Mass Book* (6d.); or you can get for 1d. each, the *Simple Prayer Book* and the *Book of the Mass*. You can send for them to the Catholic Truth Society. You need not get them all at once.

George: Thank you, Peter: good night.

Peter: Good night, George. And don't forget to pray for God's grace; you will want it before you are a month older.

As Peter walked up the pathway to his cottage, he murmured to himself: "Our Lord's words are as true now as ever; *a man's enemies shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.*‡ And as he entered his cottage he heard George shutting his door with a decision which said as plainly as words could do: "I am not going to be prevented from doing what I know to be right, by what any man may say, or do." God grant that he acted so.

* St. Matt. xvi. 26.

† Catholic Truth Society: the pamphlets contained in the volumes can be procured separately.

‡ St. Matt. x. 36.

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